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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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Applications, including a list of publications, (p) reprints, references and a curriculum vitae, should be sent within 30 days of the appearance of this advertisement to the chairman of the committee "Vacancy Logic", Filosofisch Instituut, P.O. Box 80.103, 3508 TC Utrecht, The Netherlands. Information can be obtained from the head of the bureau of the department. Phone The Netherlands nr. 30-531831.

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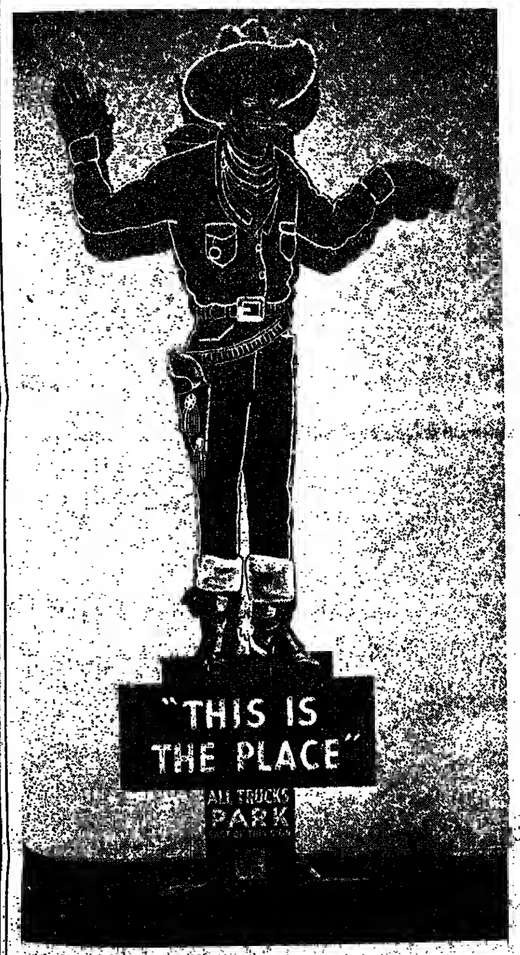
T·L·S
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
FRIDAY • 9 MAY 1980 • No 4021 • 30p



"The Young Electric Sign Company of Salt Lake City bills this skyscraper of neon as the 'World's Largest Mechanized Man'"—presumably he outstrips the famous Las Vegas neonlized cowboy, with his similarly "animated cigarette". The picture is taken from the richly illustrated Let There Be Neon, by Rudi Stern (160pp, Academy Editions, £7.95, 0 85670 661 2), which, in addition to chapters on "Neon and the American Landscape", "Neon Around the World", and "New Uses of Neon" (these are mainly in sculpture and architecture) gives full technical details on "The Craft of Neon", manufacture and design, bumping and bombarding, nipples and tubulation, sputtering and aging. A chronologist regards Georges Claude's invention, in 1910, of the technique; then the fiches it brought him—$1m. sales in the year of the Depression; then enhancing, ominously, "1947: Las Vegas begins to 'neonize itself'"—as if Money personified itself-there, evacuating and electrifying its lucred arteries with all the antiquity earth-colours of the neon spectrum. According to Tom Wolfe in his foreword, Las Vegas "was the only architecturally unified city I ever saw in my life other than Versailles, and the unity was created by the signs."

Mesrine and the myth of the supercrook, by Richard Cobb

Arthur Jensen and the IQ debate

The war of the Gaullist succession

REFERENCE BOOKS

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Obituaries; the new Harrap; Literary computers

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THE TIMES

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

9 MAY 1980

contents

The bad boy from Clichy

By Richard Cobb

CAREY SCHOFIELD :
Mesrine
The Life and Death of a Supercrook
201pp. Penguin. Paperback, 95p.
0 14 00567 6

There is something about the appearance of Jacques Mesrine that is familiar. A large, bulky, but athletic-looking man, clearly in good physical trim—this is accentuated in one of the photographs by the fact that he is wearing a track-suit and gym shoes—his wide face and big dark eyes with very large pupils are not without an amused bonhomie and even a certain benevolence, "Pair nouhours". To sit opposite that rather moonlike face, whether framed with a beard or not—it is the beard that hints at benevolence—at a restaurant table would be to sit opposite an attentive and generous host, with the promise of a very good meal indeed ahead. It is certainly the face of a gourmet; and, given the white cap, it could also be that of a chef. It is hard not to find something rather reassuring in what is clearly the face of an eating man, increasingly so, in his mid-thirties or early forties, with the beginnings of a double chin. The lower lip, often concealed by a curving moustache, is both sensuous and well adjusted to a glass: a drinking man then, too, and certainly a womanizer.

In short, the face of a *jouissem* of the most straightforward type: food, wine and woman, and preferably all three together; there is a happy photograph of Jacques at the end of a meal, the bill paid, post-*digestif*, with a look of sated satisfaction, sitting next to the conventionally pretty, though rather stupid-looking Jacqueline Deratcho, his French-Canadian mistress (with, alas, an accompanying French-Canadian accent—we are told that Jacques made her keep her mouth shut in public places, in case she should give away her origin and thus help to establish his own identity. That is what the *author* says, but one cannot help thinking the reason was that the best way of dealing with *l'accent québécois* is to ask its owner to keep it turned off). "Look at me", he seems to say, "there is no food I cannot buy, there is no woman I cannot attract and ensnare." And so it is also the rather wolve face of a man who exults in the display of conventional success and who needs to flaunt that success in public.

I could not at once discover why this face seemed familiar. Then I spotted it: there was a distinct reminder of the Genevan actor and film-star, Michel Simon, though without Simon's famous mope, his endearing spoilt boy pout surviving into middle and old age, a clue indicating that "Bondu", had never grown up and that "Clo-Clo", in *Jeun de la Lune*, still expected to be humoured in his childish cravings. The eyes, though much larger, reflect Simon's alert malice. The parallel may go further than a lingering physical resemblance. For Simon was a natural anarchist, a true *sauvage*, who ended up surrounding himself with a whole menagerie of animal dependents. Both got considerable satisfaction from scoring points against Authority. Mesrine managed to get himself rapidly expelled both from the Collège de Juilly and from Chaptal; and it is hard to believe that any Swiss Protestant establishment would have long succeeded in accommodating an adolescent Michel Simon.

Of course, one should not take the parallel too far. Simon was quite repulsively dirty, his table manners were revolting, he slobbered in his soup and drank wine, *au même le goulot*, like a tramp. "Clo-Clo", towards the end of his life, no longer needed to act a tramp, he *was* a *clochard*. Mesrine was quite fanatically clean; after each escape he would wash elaborately, as if to remove the institutional smell of prison; he had excellent table manners, and kept the food off his expensive, rather showy silk ties. Yet, as with an aging and impish "Clo-Clo", there is something unmistakably childlike about Mesrine. One of the illustrations depicts him flicking through a crime magazine, with his own picture on the cover, reading all about it in one of his many hideouts. There is laughter at the corners of his large eyes. And look at him photographed triumphantly brandishing his police card, Préfecture de Police, a tricolour diagonal through the middle, dated November 22, 1975, and stamped with the seated Republic surrounded by spikes, the very thing, in fact, that he holds up, straight-faced, a trump in his perilous game with M Broussard, the director of the Police Judiciaire. Both pictures are much more convincing than the one that depicts him staring from behind a pointed sub-machine gun.

There is something in his attitude, even when in physical repose, sitting down at a restaurant table, or chatting to three warders in a courtyard of the Santé, that suggests tip-top physical condition, constant training, and an ability, held in reserve, to move very fast indeed. No wonder the prison authorities got worried when the warders reported that he was doing daily press-ups! Though an unusually large man, he could move with the speed and decisiveness of a puma. Mesrine trained for crime and escape with the assiduity of an Olympic athlete.

We are ready to believe too, if only from a look in those half-humorous yet coldly implacable eyes, that he was also a master at disguise, could convincingly hobble on a stick, could transform himself into a bald and arrogant *énorgueil*, a timid hairdresser in his white apron, a plausible student, or, oddly, the double of the present West German Chancellor. Disguise was absolutely essential to his long survival, especially when his unusual build would pick him out from the crowd, and when, as a naturally gregarious Parisian, he liked to walk the streets, eat in restaurants, do rather careful shopping, or merely linger in his favourite quarters of north-east Paris.

On at least one occasion, disguise seems to have been pushed to the limits of carnival: while holding up the octogenarian millionaire, M Lelièvre, he had himself photographed wearing a mask representing the enlarged, but unmistakable, features of Georges Marchais, an indication, the author suggests, of his admiration for the French communist leader, though rather an odd way to express it.

It is true that, by this time, Mesrine was going downhill very rapidly, perhaps owing to his increasing isolation and to the fact that he was becoming more and more cut off from the easy sociability of the Paris streets and markets. He was beginning to repeat to anyone who was prepared to listen—and it would have been highly unwise *not* to have been prepared to listen, for it was generally Mesrine who did all the talking—the boring and repetitive drivel of *gauchisme* and Instant Revolution. In his last fantasy, he had managed to convince himself that he was in fact a revolutionary; this might have been harmless enough, merely rather trying for his criminal friends and for his mistresses, had he not established contacts with the internationale of political killers. It was just as well that the police caught up with him when they did. *Gauchiste* bores are trying enough; but armed, quick-moving and highly skilled ones are dangerous recruits to the armies of nihilism.

Not that there was anything very surprising about this final evolution of a man dominated above all by his limitless conceit. If the revolutionary left needed him, as, years earlier, or so it is suggested, though the evidence is thin, the OAS had called in his skills, well then here he was, "frais et dispos", and ready for something really big and that would make the world sit up. What indeed was the difference between a killer of the right, a killer of the left, and just an all-round, all-purpose killer? Only, in the case of the second, the dreary verbiage of mindless fanaticism. There was absolutely nothing funny about the Jacques Mesrine of those last few months.

Carey Schofield has had the advantage, denied to most of us, of having heard Mesrine speak. There seems no doubt at all, from his almost instant success with a great many people: police chiefs, *commissaires*, ordinary *agents*, warders, shop-keepers, bank-clerks, writers, neighbours, that the Clichy-born Mesrine was a *boratineur* of the top flight, a smooth-tongued charmer in the best Paris tradition. We do not know whether he had a Parisian accent; given his middle-class background, it is likely that he did not. But there is plenty of evidence of his ability to charm, to inspire confidence, to make people feel important and to put them at their ease.

All his numerous neighbours—and he was always on the move across the map of Paris and its suburbs—found him polite and he seems even to have succeeded in softening the hearts of *concierges*—though, predictably, he was betrayed by a succession of these—and to have introduced an easy-going hilarity in police vans, on his way to courts.

One of the photographs shows him deep in conversation with three warders from the Santé, one of whom, a smallish man, can be seen looking up to him in amused ease, in the attitude of a bird waiting to be fed by its mother, his mouth half-open in wait of the *drôleries* issuing from the big man—we gather that Mesrine had a favourite line too in *contrepteries*, in the manner of "les Albums de la Comtesse"—the other two appear to be laughing, the biggest with his shoulders shaking. It is a marvellous conversation-piece in an enclosed prison courtyard. Mesrine was talking to a purpose. He was out to establish friendly relations with the three warders and he was talking himself into more time outside in order to examine every detail of the yard and the wall.

The author was clearly captivated by his conversation, as well she might have been—it was an important scoop for a girl just down from Cambridge to get an interview with Mesrine while he was on the run in Paris—but, through the filter of translation, it is impossible to convey the velvet of his voice and the smoothness of his accompanying gestures, the warmth of his greeting, and his rather wry turn of humour. French is the language of flattery and hospitality, of rapidly accessible intimacy and complicity, of comforting admission into a closed, mysterious, fraternal circle. None of this can be rendered in English; and as the author's French is very defective, pedestrian and inaccurate, there is an important element in Mesrine's formidable arsenal that is almost completely missing. All we can say is that he seems to have had a considerable and readily accessible fund of small-talk. He was even able to persuade a French-Canadian lady from Percé that he and his Parisian mistress, a Pigalle prostitute, were Belgians, going on to talk at great length about life in Brussels, one of the few capitals that he had never visited. It is true that a French-Canadian lady from Percé would have few positive notions about "les bons Belges" and Mesrine may have been feeding

her with Mlle Boulemans and similar Parisian lore on the subject of those who live *outre-Quiévrain*.

Nor can it have been very difficult to dazzle the nineteen-year-old Jocelyne Dertiche, just out of her convent school, a *petite oie* from the suburbs of Montreal, with his Parisian polish and *savoir-vivre*. Jocelyne's parents were likewise bowled over, and do not seem to have resented the fact that Mesrine, having made her his mistress, trained her up to be quite an effective—as long as she kept her mouth shut—partner in crime. French-Canadians were not really fair game for a velvet-tongued Parisian; and even a Montreal millionaire—Jocelyne's parents were *petits bourgeois*—was prepared to take Mesrine and Jeanne Schneider at their word, when they answered an advertisement for a chauffeur-chef and a housekeeper. He should have known better. One is astonished by the gusting naivety and provinciality of *les Québécois* when confronted with the pretty run-of-the-mill Parisian Mesrine. But there is no doubt about his charm and his attentive considerateness.

He was also very Parisian in his lively comeback and in his enjoyment of breaking in on other people's conversation (especially on the subject of crime), in restaurants and public places, *à la cantonnade*. It was only in the last year of his life that he began to lecture and to preach.

But by then he had been infected by *gauchiste* rhetoric, by a galloping megalomania, by self-pity, and by what appeared to be a growing death-wish. But even when he had managed to convince himself that he was the victim of a cruel society and had taken to ranting and raving, there was still enough residual affability to captivate a young English girl.

Mesrine came from a middle-class family. He was born in 1937, "l'année Expo", "l'année Weidmann", in Clichy, where his parents possessed what is described as a comfortable flat. His mother, Monique, came from a village in the Vienne where, in 1940, she still had numerous relatives, mostly farmers. His father, Pierre Mesrine, is described as a textile designer and engineer, running his own business. But we are not told where he came from nor what was the origin of his bizarre and most un-French surname. Mesrine may have been only partly French; and this could have accounted for his almost *gaulliste* self-identification with the great figures of French history—poor Jocelyne was not spared a visit to the Vieux Morché during a rapid tour of Rouen—especially during his schooldays and his early years in crime. During his military service he seems to have acquired all the current racialist prejudices on the subject of Algerians: *les raïons, les crouillos*, and one of his boasts, probably untrue, was that he had derived great satisfaction from torturing captured *fellaghas*.

The Mesrine family were clearly affluent. There was a manor house in the country near Beaumont-le-Roger; and Mesrine was given an expensive private education: the ultra-smart Collège de Juilly (which parted company with him when he was fourteen); but his time there was later put to criminal profit, thanks to his knowledge of the Meaux area) and Chopteil. Nothing could have been further removed from a deprived background.

One suspects that the Mesrines were in fact nouveaux-riches. At one of his trials, Mesrine was described by a counsel for the prosecution as a parvenu. And, throughout Miss Schofield's rather *wide-eyed account of* "The Life and Death of a Supercrook" one is constantly reminded of the undoubted vulgarity of her dubious hero. He dressed vulgarly: Italian suits and silk ties, track-suits and anoraks, basket-ball boots, woollen jackets. He had vulgar tastes in furnishing and comfort; the author refers to the "solid rustic" furniture he installed in the inn that he ran near Compiègne.

We can guess what this means: *Vie et Campagne, faux manoir normand*, wagon wheels, red-and-white check table-cloths and little brass lamps. The house in Lower Normandy no doubt had white plastic garden seats. His *enjoyments*—night clubs, flashy girls, expensive watches and jewelry, bath salts and masculine scents—were vulgar. Like any Frenchman living in an apartment *de grand standing*, he was a persistent and diligent *vacancier*, equipping himself with all the elaborate paraphernalia of the Parisian holiday-maker. Even crime and burglary had in stop in August; he was far too conventional to have considered staying in Paris as an *amateur*, indeed, many of his criminal activities were directed towards financing elaborate holidays in the sun, bronzage and meals in fish restaurants.

His odd attachment to Deauville, dating from his childhood, is also explainable in terms of his vulgarity; he liked the moke-believe of Norman black-and-white disguising even administrative buildings: a school, a *commissariat*, a restaurant.

He returned to Deauville again and again, not only to rob, but because he liked the place, enjoyed an artificial seaside town devoted to ostentatious wealth. Jocelyne has a flashy vulgarity; we do not know what Sylvie or Joëou, the Pigalle prostitute, looked like; but the former, on the day of Mesrine's death, was carrying a miniature white poodle to the cat that was to take them—on a Friday, the beginning of the obligatory weekend—to their newly acquired flat in Méry-le-Roi, for which they had recently purchased (closely followed by two detectives) an enormous divan. For a man who, in the last year of his life, was claiming to be a revolutionary, at war with the bourgeoisie, Mesrine seems to have been dominated by petit-bourgeois values and by a vulgarity which grew with affluence.

In other ways, too, he was surprisingly conventional, routinier, almost *pantouflard*. His attachment not just to Paris, but to particular quarters of Paris, above all to the XVIIe, at the northern tip of the city, was both touching and, ultimately, highly dangerous to his clandestine style of living.

His adult life, right up to the time of his death at forty-two, tended to be circumscribed within a predictable topography: Clichy, northern Paris, Orbec, Bernay, Beaumont-le-Roger, Deauville-Trouville, the grands *boulevards*. To these he returned again and again, in an effort, the author suggests, at reassurance. It may have been so. He met his death, Place de Clignancourt, at the end of the *métro* line; and there is a *photograph* of his body, *in a* brown leather jacket riddled with holes, lying between the disdainful shoes and trouser bottoms of detectives, on the round *pavé de Paris*, in his favourite arrondissement.

He took enormous risks by hiding in Paris, simply because he could not bear to leave the place for long. But he also exploited its complicated topography with masterly skill. There was not a passage nor an *impasse* that he did not know—and use. Of the many addresses cited in the book, half a dozen are *impasses*. Like Raymond Queneau, he loved the *métro*; he also used it intelligently, as the simplest channel of escape, after a hold-up.

After getting out of the Santé, he chose a refuge near the Lovelldes, because it gave easy access to two *métro* lines. And, on several occasions, after a burglary, in broad daylight, in his favourite terrain, he would simply walk off, quite slowly—it was the unhurried slowness of his movements, during and immediately after a crime, that so much impressed victims and witnesses—into the vast anonymity of the Gare du Nord or the Gare de l'Est. At a moment when the police of half of Europe were searching for him, he was quietly queueing in front of the international ticket office, Gare du Nord, waiting to buy a ticket for London. Like la Pala, whom he greatly admired, Mesrine was *un enfant de Paris*; perhaps, when among his underworld associates, he even called the place *Poulaine*.

Although totally uneducated, his schooling having been completely wasted, and his favourite reading having been cheap thrillers, he was as quick-witted as he was quick-moving. His ability to escape was unique—it is his greatest claim to a sort of fame—but it was based on very careful observation and minute preparation.

In advance of any operation, he would go over the terrain again and again, would indeed often return to it for a second operation, on the principle that no one would expect a criminal to return to the scene of his crime. Mesrine liked going back, not only out of calculation, but also as a sort of bravado, as a means of testing himself. He realized the importance of detail and, in the preparation of his operations, he displayed the sort of satisfaction that one might associate with a researcher working in an archive. It was not that he liked the XVIIe—and it is indeed one of the few remaining strongholds of Parisian individualism—it was also because it offered, at its northern tip, ready access to the *boulevard périphérique*, North-to-the motorist and weekender, escape to the bad boy.

Mesrine with a pair of handcuffs and his police identity card bearing his photograph. From Mesrine: The Life and Death of a Supercrook, *reviewed here.*

Mesrine was ultimately undone by the carelessness of his last accomplice, Charly Bauer, a careless and an impudence *signé Parisien*. The police had succeeded in tracing the registration number of the car belonging to Charly's mistress and political indoctrinator (Charly was just a vulgar Marseillais bad boy who rolled his own cigarettes); the car was soon discovered, parked on the pavement, opposite l'église de la Trinité.

Charly and *le petroleuse* were discovered living in the vicinity soon afterwards. Mesrine would not have made that sort of mistake. A creature of habit, as much as any petit-bourgeois, for his operations he favoured Fridays, especially for hold-ups and burglaries, because, the good Parisian weekender that he was, he was aware that the city would be under-policed in the second half of that day, many agents themselves already using the weekend to try out their latest gardening equipment acquired from the bottom floor of the TV. Charly too had generally been his lucky day. But, on Friday November 2, 1979, determined, like a million or more other Parisians, to drive off to the country in the afternoon, he was cornered and shot through with twenty-one bullets, at approximately 3 pm.

Vulgar, banal and big-headed though he was, Mesrine's attachment to Paris, to the Orbec region, and to the valley of the Lower Seine is touching, almost endearing. The man was certainly a monster, a boaster, a show-off with his silly card tricks, a cold-blooded killer, and a torturer who exulted in the infliction of pain, and who took a particular delight in inflicting it on those who had crossed him at some previous time; but he was also something of a Parisian poet (he liked to compare himself to Lacenaire, the nineteenth-century *poète assassin*). After his dramatic shoot-out in Deauville and his escape, with Francis Besse, walking through three nights among the Normandy orchards in May, he stole a boat moored to the bank at Jeufosse (the author calls it Jenlosse) and eventually reached a safe house at Port-Villez, a few miles farther down the river. The next morning, he wakes up, in a comfortable bed, to glimpse, propped up on his pillows, through an open window, the silver river, as it curls round, beneath its steep, chalky right bank, towards the islands of Vernon. It is one of the few happy, peaceful, quiet, moments, in a chronicle of violence, cruelty, escape, and violent death. It was to such a scene that Mesrine would have liked, eventually, and impossibly, to retire.

Catey Schofield's book is a rush job, written in breathless journalese and abounding in stage props

The Gaullist inheritance

By Douglas Johnson

ANNE and PIERRE ROUANET: Les trois derniers chagrins du général de Gaulle
437pp. Paris: Grasset.

The mental complexities of General de Gaulle have never ceased to fascinate his contemporaries. As early as 1941, Anthony Eden raised the question in an official but startling note. It could be that General de Gaulle is mad, he wrote, in which case he will have to be looked after. *Les trois derniers chagrins du Général de Gaulle* considers three occasions when similar thoughts occurred to other observers of his conduct.

On July 24, 1967, from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville in Montreal, de Gaulle ended a short and unexpected speech with the words "Vive le Québec Libre", thus apparently associating himself, and France, with the French-Canadian separatists. *The Times* of London was probably alone in comparing de Gaulle to King Lear, but was certainly not alone in asking whether the seventy-six-year-old leader was fit to continue in office. On May 29, 1968, as the various disorders which had dislocated French life for more than two weeks seemed to be reaching a climax, de Gaulle suddenly cancelled a cabinet meeting and told his prime minister, Georges Pompidou, that he was leaving Paris but that he would be back the next day. "Je vous embrasse", he said over the telephone. Surely, thought Pompidou, this unaccustomed mode of address was a sign of the disarray which others had noticed at various times during the crisis; the General had been unable to get a grip on matters, and had sometimes seemed distrait, incapable of understanding the gravity of what was happening, more preoccupied with distant projects than with the imminent disintegration of his regime. (The fact that de Gaulle had been on an official visit to Romania as affairs mounted explains the popularity of the supposedly Romanian proverb: the whole village is on fire but grandmother wants to finish combing her hair.) Finally in April 1969, and afterwards, the referendum which led to the General's resignation was represented as a deliberate device whereby he could withdraw from the scene: a "référendum-suicide", a carefully prepared and self-inflicted death-blow, another act which could only stem from a disordered mind.

It is the purpose of Anne and Pierre Rouanet's book to show that there is no truth in any of the ingenious and rumours which circulated during the last three years of the General's presidency, and that his actions and policies were part of a coherent whole. The book also seeks to show how, during these years, de Gaulle had frequent recourse to his experience in earlier years, notably to 1940 and the formative period of the Fifth Republic.

The word "chagrin" refers to his correspondence in 1958 with the Socialist ex-President Vincent Auriol, who attempted to dissuade him from returning to power after the settlers' rising in Algiers had launched the Fourth Republic into its final agony. Those who, "par un sectarisme qui n'est incompréhensible", prevent me from saving the Republic once again will bear a heavy responsibility, replied de Gaulle: "Quant à moi, je n'aurais plus jusqu'à la mort qu'un chagrin".

The most dramatic theme in this account is the description of how, especially at the time of the Quebec speech and during the student revolt, de Gaulle found that his associates in government became at first critical, then openly (or almost openly) hostile to him. Foremost among these was Georges Pompidou. The accusation is that in the last months of his premiership Pompidou undermined de Gaulle's leadership, and that after his resignation in July 1968 he did everything he could to bring about the rejection of the referendum. Naturally, this attack on Pompidou, which is often bitter and vicious, has aroused strong feelings among Pompidou's former supporters and his widow has been provoked into a rare interview in support of her husband (*Le Point*, March 3 to 9, 1980)—all the more natural since she comes in for some lively criticism herself. She is accused, for example, of listening at doors, and in case the reader does not get the full implications of this, it is pointed out that Madame de Gaulle never listened at a door in her life.

One of the characteristics of Gaullism, which affects all Gaullist studies, is that those who worked most closely with the General (one thinks of Pulewski, Thierry d'Argenlieu, Debré, Couve de Murville, de Courcel, Pierre-Louis Blanc) have always remained silent about him. Pompidou himself wrote memoirs, but his widow has so far refused all offers of publication. One of the merits of this book is that the authors have persuaded many of the personalities who figure in their narrative to recall their experiences. They have also made use of material collected by the Institut Charles de Gaulle, some of which has been published by the review *Espoir*.

Thus the silence is not absolute; but a paradox remains. Gaullism was a form of open government. There were speeches, press conferences, statements after cabinet meetings, publication of official texts. All of this needed careful scrutiny, especially when the wording came from the General, but it was, nevertheless, government in public. There were also secret meetings and consultations, negotiations, whisperings, rumours, hints and indiscretions; and the General always played a full part in this more arcane mode of government. His relations with the Secretary-General of the Elysée, Bernard Tricot, were close and confidential (much to Pompidou's annoyance), and he was always ready to suggest that a visitor to the palace should use some side door, so that his presence would not be known even to the Elysée staff. During his last three years the machinery of government increasingly operated de Gaulle and he was forced into isolation, dependent on his own resources, until he was eventually discarded.

It was only natural that there should have been a taking up of positions for the succession. The Rouanets are naive to judge this so severely. The General had been re-elected in 1965, but no one expected him to go on to 1972 (when he would be in his eighty-second year). Apart from the republican superstition that presidents never complete their second *septennat*, every Gaullist had de Gaulle's own words about Pétain engraved on his memory if not on his ministerial bureaucrats: "Il vieillesse au milieu des naufrages". De Gaulle himself was conscious that time was passing and when Tricot returned to the Elysée office in 1967 he could see that the General had changed and was aware of his age. He had recently seen the deaths of the last of his contemporaries, Rémy Roure (the journalist with whom he had been a prisoner-of-war in 1916), Marshal Juin and Colonel de Lastour (his fellow Saint Cyriens), Churchill and Adenauer. He was observing himself, setting tests for himself and perhaps forcing himself into an even greater solitude as he knew that he was being watched by calculating eyes.

It was to be expected that the two leaders of the effective majority, Pompidou and Giscard d'Estaing, should have been looking to the future and to their own positions. They never tried to conceal their ambitions (according to the socialist, Edgar Pisani, it was as early as 1965 that Pompidou spoke of his hopes of becoming president). Hence the Count of Paris compared the Gaullists to the dignitaries of the First Empire; there was the same loyalty to Napoleon, just so long as he was there, accompanied by the same avid ambition; but at least Napoleon's entourage never dreamt of succeeding him, while some of de Gaulle's ministers counted on it. The result was to emphasize the paradox of Gaullism as a government which was both public and secret.

De Gaulle attached great importance to his Canadian visit, a view which was not shared by his ministers (the Minister for Information went on holiday on the Côte d'Azur as soon as de Gaulle left France). To the astonishment of Ottawa, he was prepared to cross the Atlantic in a warship so that he could begin the voyage in Quebec, and not British Canada. There followed a series of speeches, each one more violent than the last, until the final gesture of defiance on the balcony in Montreal. The speeches formed part of a series of anti-American declarations and it is surprising that Couve de Murville should have thought it necessary to make excuses for what had happened, suggesting that it was "le résultat d'une intoxication", or that Pompidou, back in Paris, should have hastily informed those about him that he had not been consulted on the subject of the balcony speech.

What we now learn is that the arrangements for the visit to the Hôtel de Ville had been made directly and secretly by de Gaulle himself, who had learnt the topography and who knew what the Mayor of Montreal did not know, that a microphone would be made ready for him. Thus we see a successfully organized private initiative according exactly with a general expression of policy.

As admirers of de Gaulle, the Rouanets are jubilant; what they do not see is the weakness in his position. His action was not understood, and since he contemptuously brushed all criticism aside as mere journalism or politics ("tout qui grouille, grenouille et scribouille n'a pas de conséquence historique") he became more vulnerable to his critics and to those intelligence services which sought to make the most of the affair, notably the British and the Israeli.

For a time, in the course of 1967, a rumour circulated that de Gaulle might organize a referendum on his foreign policy. There was another rumour also that he was thinking of changing his prime minister. None of these projects came to anything, probably because the elections of 1967 had given the government only the slenderest of majorities. De Gaulle was thus dependent on Pompidou's skill in handling the National Assembly and in exploiting the procedural devices of his disposal. These manoeuvres added little lustre to the government and contributed to the growing dissatisfaction of the public. But de Gaulle's ambitions went well beyond the need to maintain a majority. And his apprehensions were deeper than a mere disgust at his resources: the Fourth-Republic-style politics and a reluctance to accept that his hands were tied by a prime minister who thought he was indispensable.

For a long time the General had meditated on the nature of industrial society. As a reader of Tocqueville, he had, during the 1940s while still in England, described how the conformism created by the machine destroyed liberty and threatened cohesion. As leader of the Rassemblement du Peuple Français he had often spoken of the need to create an association between capital and labour. In the late 1960s he returned to this theme and the word "participation" began to appear frequently in his speeches. In May 1967 he spoke of the need for French workers to participate in the processes of production, and at the end of the year, in his New Year message, he looked forward to the creation of a new social order. Thus long before the events of May 1968 de Gaulle wanted to hold a referendum on the issue of "participation". It was Pompidou who was opposed to it: he saw worker participation as something which would scare the employers, and would neither please nor satisfy the employees. In the circumstances de Gaulle could do nothing.

The strikes and disorders of May 1968 gave him an opportunity, however. The government, under the prime minister, had the job of restoring order and de Gaulle did not interfere in this domain. But while on his journey to Romania he concluded that the dislocation of society was such as to justify a radical change of policy. He decided that on his return to France he would organize a referendum on participation. Once this was accomplished, Couve de Murville would become prime minister and the third and final phase of his Republic would follow. The first, with Debré as prime minister, had asserted France's national independence and had resolved the Algerian question; the second, with Pompidou, had established the new institutions, especially the elected presidency; the third would reorganize French society.

It is usually said that the announcement of the referendum, on May 24, was a resounding failure. The political class was overwhelmingly against it and Pompidou began officially to register his disagreement. The public did not know what to make of this vague option for the future. But for the Rouanets the announcement was nevertheless a success, because it showed who in France was the real revolutionary. The students saw revolution as a parade, the workers as an increase in pay, the politicians as a series of day-to-day responses to events. Only de Gaulle, the Rouanets claim, envisaged a genuine participation as something which would scare the employers, and would neither please nor satisfy the employees. In the circumstances de Gaulle could do nothing.

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Pompidou did three things. First, he gave as his considered opinion that the General would not return to Paris (this was proved wrong when de Gaulle phoned him from Colombey later that evening); second, he called together representatives of the minority and asked them to sign a declaration which essentially expressed their loyalty to him (a manoeuvre which lost much of its significance when Giscard d'Estaing refused to be associated with it); third, he prepared to speak to the nation on television (a move which was blocked when Edouard Sablier, who was then in charge of television news, insisted on having a written authorization from the Elysée, on action which Pompidou did not forget, since he dismissed Sablier when he became president).

Thus the Pompidolian "coup d'état" came to nothing. When the General returned, anxious to postpone the referendum, Pompidou persuaded him also to dissolve the Assembly. But the subsequent Gaullist landslide in no way brought the two men together. For Pompidou the elections were meant to replace the referendum. For de Gaulle the elections were insignificant, the result of fear, "les élections de la trouille"; and were only an excuse for deferring the referendum.

Pompidou disliked the way in which he was replaced by Couve de Murville. Like Jacques Soustelle before him he reflected that twenty years of devoted service did not seem to count for much. But did he not know that the wind blows cold on the high mountains? When the film actor Alain Delon's bodyguard Markovitch was murdered, and one of the suspects announced that he wanted to have the Pompidous called as witnesses, Pompidou claimed that someone in the government should have warned him. But was this a reason, or an excuse, for his hostility? He used every means to embarrass the government. His New Year message to the electors of the Cantal was published to a much wider audience than the knowing peasantry of that region. His declaration in Rome

on January 17, 1969, that if de Gaulle retired he would be a candidate for the presidency, could only have been an act of provocation. His support for the referendum campaign was superficial and ironic. One did not have to be in the great game of politics to recognize the conniving wink of the Auvergnat. So de Gaulle returned to Colombey for a short retirement; and the Pompidolian machine catapulted its man into what was to be a short and unhappy presidency.

It is curious that Pompidou's friends should defend his memory on the same plane as that on which the Rousseaus attack it. It is true that de Gaulle entrusted Pompidou with his will in 1952 and that he never took it away from him. It is true, too, that in April 1969 de Gaulle wrote to Pompidou approving his candidature for the Elysée as "archimutuel et tout à fait indiqué", in a letter which the Rousseaus have not quoted (possibly because Raymond Tournoux published it some six years ago). But *la petite histoire* can always summon up other *petites histoires*. It is said that at the General's funeral Madame de Gaulle did not shake Pompidou's proffered hand. If this is so, it would have been appreciated by the General, who was a master in such matters, as the former President of the Senate, Gaston Monnerville, can testify, since he must surely recall, on the occasion of President Coty's funeral, slowly returning his glove to his right hand after the General had walked deliberately past him.

It would be better to question some of the Rousseaus' wider assumptions. What was the long-term effect of de Gaulle's Quebec speech? Did it make up for 200 years of neglect? As for the flight to Baden-Baden, was it really necessary to go all that way merely to get some assurances? It is, of course, possible that he had foreseen that Pompidou's next step would be to use the army, and thought it necessary to forestall him and demonstrate who was the Commander-in-Chief.

But one is tempted to see both Montreal and Baden-Baden as tactical moves, unforgettable gestures which were meant to be seen as symbolical of a national will rather than as acts of policy. And over participations, who was right, was it de Gaulle or Pompidou (and let it be said in passing that Couve de Murville was scarcely more enthusiastic for this measure when he was prime minister)?

The authors tell us that Great Britain saw in the Common Market only an updated version of the Continental Blockade and entered it only in order to destroy it. One wonders whether they are writing here from the viewpoint of de Gaulle or that, say, of recent synopsis. When one sees how scornfully Pompidou's protégé, Jacques Chirac, is treated, and how well Giscard d'Estaing (usually) and Raymond Barre (invariably) emerge from these pages, then it seems more than likely that the authors have written about the past with an eye to the present.

In so doing they present us with a valuable lesson in French politics. Gaullism is now *à la mode*. As communists look back with nostalgia to the days of anti-Americanism, as socialist leaders show a sudden interest in Quebec, as others foresee disasters and explosions ahead! "La France s'irrite", says Chirac), there is a universal recollection of de Gaulle. It seems likely that in the 1980s there will be a frequent reference in the Gaullist discourse, and, from the material assembled in this book one wonders what will most attract attention in the future. There is one phrase, from de Gaulle's television speech after his return from Montreal, which is particularly successful as an explanation of Gaullism: "Où irait la France si les Français s'en désintéressaient?"

Charles de Gaulle, a caricature parisian in papier mâché. The picture was taken from Papier Mâché: an introduction to the art of modelling in paper, by Peter Rush, a book which combines a history of the art with detailed instructions concerning its aspects, and includes a special section for children (103pp. Cassell & Collier Publishing, £3.95 Pa Books paperback, £2.95, 0 330 26025 1). The art first became possible, so far as we know, when the Chinese invented paper in the second century AD; not a possible, but actual—then papier maché helmets, toughened by lacquer, survive from this period, astonishing correctives to our tendency to think of papier mâché as an essentially transitory medium. Mixed with glue or gum arabic, paper maché was also extremely popular in carriage-building; so light, strong, and resilient; and in 1853 one Charles Bielefeld built ten pre-fabricated cottages and a ten-roomed villa for transportation to Australia—a papier mâché village that could be assembled in four hours. On the practical side, one learns of unsuspected refinements: "in the making of a head, for example, tissue paper is packed hard and tight for being made into small rolls and pulled out for the muscles; small pieces laid over these because skin and [sic] bones; and pulled into fine fibrous shreds for hair."

In sequence to sublimation

By Katherine Duncan-Jones

S. C. CAMPBELL (Editor):
Shakespeare's Sonnets
177pp. Bell and Hyman. Paperback, £2.50.
0 8476 6134 2

S. C. CAMPBELL:
Only Begotten Sonnets
A reconstruction of Shakespeare's sonnet sequence
241pp. Bell and Hyman. £8.95.
0 7135 1094 3.

Much of the freedom assumed by editors and commentators to reshuffle the *Sonnets* rests on the assumption that their publisher Thomas Thorpe was an unscrupulous entrepreneur who acquired his material surreptitiously and handled it with utter carelessness. If this is what he was like, it is odd that such a notorious fusspot as Jonson should have sold Thorpe two of his most exquisitely constructed plays, *Sejanus* (1605) and *Volpone* (1607), which he corrected in proof, and of which he gave presentation copies from Jonson to friends Herford and Simpson say that "from 1605 to 1608 Thorpe was Jonson's publisher": surely he could scarcely have higher credentials. And his "list" is impressive. Besides *Sejanus* and *Volpone*, he published *Hymenaei* and the *Masques of Blackness* and *Beauty*; and, between 1600 and 1609, works by Marlowe, Chapman and Marston. Eld, the printer of the *Sonnets*, was also printer for *Sejanus*, Marston's *What You Will* and Chapman's *Conspiracie of Byron*.

The years of Jonson's association with Thorpe came amid the decade when Shakespeare was closest to Jonson, during which he acted in *Sejanus*, was godfather to one of Jonson's children, and may or may not have taunted the Mermaid with him. Is it not possible that Shakespeare himself sold Thorpe, whom he knew through Jonson, a manuscript of poems not polished to a high degree, but with as much coherence as many sonnet sequences of the period? This could have been part of a process of clearing his desk in London before his retreat to Stratford around 1610. It is true that the *Sonnets* were not corrected, nor do presentation copies exist (alas!); but Shakespeare was not a perfectionist like Jonson. Having sold the manuscript, it seems quite credible that he would take no further interest in it.

Those who wish to rearrange the *Sonnets* tend to assume, also, that a sonnet sequence reflecting the author's intentions should offer a high degree of narrative and thematic continuity. Yet this is scarcely true of sequences of the period which seem to have been published with the cognizance of their authors. Spenser's *Amoretti* (1595), for instance, depict the poet's beloved at moments as proud and remote, at others as his fully responsive bride-to-be. One sonnet is printed twice, and there are great variations in poetic quality.

Drayton's *Idea*, tinkered with by the poet over more than twenty-five years (1595-1619), seems in none of its versions to offer what a modern reader would recognize as a thematically continuous sequence of thought. Shakespeare's sequence as it stands in the 1609 Quarto does in fact offer various kinds of structural coherence. Embedded in it, for instance, can be found a central sequence of 108 sonnets (18-126), if we leave out the persuasions to marriage at the beginning and the Dark Lady sequence at the end. 108 is the total number of sonnets in Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella* and Greville's *Caelica*; the recurrence of this figure is unlikely to be coincidental. Alternatively, Alistair Fowler has discovered a "pyramidical" numerological structure in the sequence as a whole.

In detail, front sonnet in sonnet, there are many runs of poems which thought does seem continuous—the first seventeen being the most sustained. But we should scarcely expect that every section should offer such continuity. Plausing variety was, after all, one of the qualities most valued in a sonnet sequence. Drayton boosts of his variety, and Shakespeare in Sonnet 76 apologizes, not for discontinuity, but for lack of "variation or quick change".

Despite S. C. Campbell's assertion that for many readers "the 1609 Quarto order . . . can be no better and no worse than any other" the 1609 order may well reflect Shakespeare's manuscript closely. No one would seriously suggest changing the order of scenes in *Volpone*, and I do not believe we have very much more warrant for rearranging Shakespeare's *Sonnets*.

For all this, it must be said that Miss Campbell's books are an entertaining and most distinctive contribution to the literature of Sonnet rearrangement. She refers to "the assumption that no re-ordering of 154 sonnets can be even approximately right because an astonishingly high number of others is possible", but proposes, by "partial reorganizement", to correct what she sees as some "cart-before-horse" inversions in the sequence. She suggests that the *Sonnets* were written in two separate note-books, "fly tables", left to the Earl of Southampton, and perhaps later given to his mother. Various single leaves and collections of up to fourteen leaves were "exclaim" and pleaded elsewhere, possibly to blur their homosexual character. There are several passages, including an appendix, in which Miss Campbell hints darkly at an Elizabethan conspiracy, who would slip into gentlemen's houses and introduce metrical irregularities into passages they deemed to be sexually deviant.

The original sequence, if I understand her theory aright, includes only two figures, not three. The Dark Lady, whose sonnets are marked by Miss Campbell in a pound in the middle of the sequence, is really, she thinks, only a fleshly and lustful persona of the heavenly Aphroditic Friend. Shakespeare, in his *Phaedrus* better than I, imagined the Dark Lady as a Platonic sense. A Dark Horse, a Friend a White Horse. The poet moves through a phase of sensual disorder and physical illness to recover himself again in Platonic or platonic affection for a Friend, now recognized as an achieving in the end a state of Sublimation. (Shakespeare would have known his Jung, too.) Although she sees the *Sonnets* as heterosexual and psychosexual, Miss Campbell is an editor who believes the whole collection to have been finished by the time of the reference in 1598. And even in viewing the Dark Lady as the phantasmagoric, she declares herself reluctant to alienate the poet's identity her with Emilia Lanier. Along the way there are, I think, many other theories which I find hard to understand, about phoenixes and sickles, Catharism, Rosicrucianism, self-castration and supposed Masonic rituals which S. C. Campbell, as a woman, can only guess at.

The lack of a bibliography makes these conjectures rather hard to pin down, and the supporting prose in the chapter headings—"a musical castrato—*Willobie's* phoenix—Chapman's *Euthymia*—hypocrisy and *Catharism*—a universal ethic"—leave me far behind.

"It is a sad day for a man," wrote a reviewer in the *TLS* of 1925, "when he becomes entangled in the problem of the order of Shakespeare's sonnets. His boyishness is departed, his mind is no longer his own. He is in the condition of those who set themselves to work out a system of betting at the bank at Monte Carlo." Four five years later they spent centuries. We all know that we can never write *Othello* or *Hamlet*; and to this salutary limitation of our powers we flee, to console ourselves, our own do-it-yourself Shakespeare collage kit. It is convenient to believe that Thorpe was a rogue and had no respect for the integrity of his texts, since this provides us with an endlessly intriguing and fascinating hobby-horse for long winter evenings. Though, as the reviewer suggested, it is a hobby which can all too easily turn

The hegemonic novum

By Tom Shippey

DARKO SUVIN:
Metamorphoses of Science Fiction
On the Poetics and History of a Literary Genre
335pp. Yale University Press. £16.20
(paperback £6.45).
0 300 02250 6

GARY K. WOLFE:
The Known and the Unknown
The Iconography of Science Fiction
268pp. Kent State University Press. $12.00.
0 87338 231 5

As Darko Suvin's title suggests, his true object of study is not science fiction as it is (as it happens to be, as the interplay of publishers' demand and author-supply has made it), but rather the "historical potentialities" that underlie its mere "empirical realities". In consequence his work is in a sense not one of criticism at all. Though it is clear that the author has a firm category of "significant modern SF" in mind, and though he mentions once or twice the "care but precious visions" of Stapledon, Le Guin, Delany, the "symbolical cities" of James Blish and Damon Knight, he offers no analysis anywhere of any story later than 1936. Rules are what count—rules, definitions, structures, paradigms. The event to which these ideal contracts have been articulated is felt to be, for the moment, irrelevant; Professor Suvin in any case declares a personal lack of belief in "individualistic originality".

To the easy-going, not to say slipshod traditions of Anglo-Saxondom, this attitude is shocking to the point of offensiveness. One has to say that the shock is entirely salutary, completely justified by its results. Suvin has no hesitation, for one thing, over defining science fiction, lovingly gnawed and unzzled though that problem has been for decades. It is, he asserts, "a fiction in which . . . the novum is hegemonic", i.e. "so central and significant that it determines the whole narrative logic . . . regardless of any impurities that may be present". Ignoring the question of what is an impurity, what is a "novum"? It is "a totalizing phenomenon or relationship deviating from the author's and implied reader's norm of reality". What does "totalizing" mean? It means something which entails a "change of the whole universe" of the story, a "cognitive innovation". One is tempted to go on and write "In other words . . .", but the other words will not do. *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction* has an interlocking vocabulary not quite of its own, consistent and expressive, but demanding serious attention. If one takes such adjectives as "cognitive", "totalizing", "allomorphic", "antic", "cognitive" as mere decoration to be skipped, one will not get far. It is true that memories of George Weber of the Chamberlain strip keep intruding, true also that there is a faint but pervasive feeling of dissent and deviation being reclassified as "impurity" and scornfully excluded from notice. Still, above and around those feelings the sense of intellectual grasp is very strong. Darko Suvin's style is aggressive, but not a bluff.

In essence his view is that science fiction is a literature of estrangement, which exists to bring closed or stable worlds into confrontation with others created by different sets of expectations; hence (these are not his illustrations) the innumerable plots in which a deeply conservative hero is impelled into rebellion by facts which he cannot deny but at the same time cannot square with his education, or in which a new invention, creature or object is exposed to a startled world in all innocence and without its cataclysmic effects being predicted. This estrangement, however, has to be "cognitive" to be science fiction. There is another world with different expectations in "Jack and the Beanstalk" too, but only there is he exploited. The science in science fiction, one may conclude, is not a matter of content (though many critics have wasted their time cagively equating television with crystal balls, jet harnesses with seven-league boots, laser guns with wizards' wands, and so on). Rather it depends on "a method (way, approach, atmosphere, sensibility) identical to that of a modern philosophy of science". That philosophy includes sciences humanistic and has furthermore "since Marx and Einstein" seen itself as "an open-ended corpus of knowledge", thus allowing room for as many new developments as the author's sense of scientific method will allow.

Professor Suvin's dedication to the abstract happily disposes of all the stuck subjective phrases (like "sense of wonder") which science fiction criticism has till now spent much time manufacturing. It also diverts attention from the borderline cases in which so many previous discussions have bogged down (C. S. Lewis, Kurt Vonnegut, Ayn Rand, Velikovsky and so on); and as a further bonus exposes cruelly the "mythical analysis" often perpetrated by lazy critics who feel that there must be something significant in their material but that their job is done once they have assigned it to some older and therefore presumably more significant fiction, like Perseus and Andromeda or Billy the Kid. Suvin does not think science fiction is mythical, but rather educational and subversive. Its critic should be "a Darwinist and not a medicine-man". In proper biological style Suvin goes on in the bulk of his work to consider the evidence of the fossils—a familiar set from More through *Gulliver's Travels* to Jules Verne—and than to make trials of his taxonomy on the traditions of Russian science fiction, on H. G. Wells and on Karel Čapek.

One might have wished here for more impressive or unfamiliar trial dissections. The demonstration that *The Time Machine* shows lower evolutionary classes like crabs and Morlocks oppressing higher ones like Time Travellers and Eloi is too well-trodden to need by words like "isotopic" and says on the whole rather less than the narrator's cogitations on devolution at the end. As for why the Time Traveller prefers Eloi to Morlocks, "never logically argued" according to Professor Suvin, it surely comes from no more than a dumb sense that eating people is wrong. However, it is fair to say that the operating table has now been cleared. No future critic of science fiction can afford to work without understanding of Darko Suvin's analyses. His book also carries powerful implications about the purpose of literature and its mode of operation in modern times, to be neglected by no one concerned with literary studies of any kind. As the author says with evident reasonableness in his preface on popular literature, "a discipline which refuses to take into account 90 per cent or more of what constitutes its domain seems to me not only to have large zones of blindness but also to run serious risks of distorted vision in the small zone it focuses on". There can be no arguing with that.

Gary K. Wolfe's study of "the iconography of science fiction" appears almost as a designed foil or complement to Darko Suvin's. Its weak point is lack of rigour. Though its lost five chapters are on the "icons" of the spaceship, the city, the wasteland, the robot and the monster, there is no good definition of what constitutes an "icon" or (rather than general familiarity) of what distinguishes it from a "gimmick". A couple of those chapters prove no more than that there are a great many cities, robots, wastelands in science fiction, and that probably this is because they have some profound appeal. The author himself often ventures no further into the profundity than to say that images seem "almost archetypal", create "a feeling of awe and *perhaps a slightly alienated sense of uneasiness*" (my italics). are "recurrent sources of wonder", all phrases or ideas to which Professor Suvin has given short shrift.

Nevertheless there are corresponding virtues in Anglo-Saxon empiricism, and Gary Wolfe shows these too. He has a complete knowledge of the field, including all the thousands of stories produced for commercial reasons in the much-despised 1940s and 50s, and is fascinated by variant solutions to the same problem. He can list 21 titles constructed on the formula "The (Adjective) Man", all major and minor instances of the "generation starship" motif, dozens of monsters mineral, vegetable, animal, quasi-human and telepathic. The sheer breadth of illustration makes a point by itself. "Gimmicks" are what science fiction authors think about, compare and grow rich on no matter what "paradigms" lurk in their collectivity.

Furthermore on several occasions Professor Wolfe seems to be absolutely and in detail right, even when he does not know how he arrived at the answer. There is an "extraliterary" appeal in science fiction. Its fans do consult it like so many gipsies reading tea-leaves, they do find in it a talismanic reassurance of rationality. Another unquestionable fact is that in the Western world science fiction paraphernalia have got clean away from their literary field, to reappear in films, children's toys, cereal commercials, cartoons and colloquial allusions. Professor Suvin would, I suspect, write all this off as decadence, products of the "deep structures of the irrational capitalist way of life" and therefore not "significant" at all. However, without this vitality and contagiousness university presses would not now be printing science fiction studies. It would be a sad error than to see such studies confined entirely to paradigms, Russian fossils and the works of Stanislaw Lem.

Al·Ith in wonderland

By Eric Korn

DORIS LESSING :
The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five
245pp. Jonathan Cape. £5.95.
0 224 01790 X

How did Persephone feel about gloomy Dis, once her initial annoyance had worn off? Did she find, like a hostage with his captor, that imprisonment was a bond, something to talk over in later years? And did their commerce breathe new life into the arts and fashions of Hades (we know what it did for Earth)? These are some of the topics Doris Lessing implicitly invites us to ponder in the second volume of her cosmohistorical, speculative-fictional, quasi-allegorical and highly readable sequence *Canopus in Argus: Archives*.

But why "Argos"? This is the name of a town in Mycenaean Greece; the constellation is called Argo (though one star atlas I consulted puts Canopus in Puppis). Perhaps later volumes will establish a link between the ostrannoits and Atreids: there's a certain amount one must take on trust, which any fairminded reader will do.

There's a great change of scene and pace and scale between the two volumes so far published. The first, *Shikasta* (the Canopic name for the planet Earth after the fall; hints perhaps of "she cast her seed on stony ground", or Shi and Jo Castu, the terrible twins?) chronicles Earth's last thirty thousand years of history as laboratory and battleground for galactic colonizers or supervisors. There are four distinct interested parties: Canopus, benign, emphatic ("the major religions of those last days were all founded by Grade 1 emissaries"); Sirius, well-meaning, technologically minded, perhaps clumsy—the next volume is called *The Sirian Experiments*; the Three Planets, only a passing reference so far, perhaps to be taken up later; and the diabolic planet Shammat of Puttiora, wholly malignant and parasitic, growing rank on stolen SOWF ("substance-of-we-feeling", a benign fluid pumped down from Canopus, a name that evokes sufism and the divine souffle). Deprived of its beaker full of the warm SOWF, earth suffers the Degenerative Disease, which means individualism, more or less. In its train come all the evils: war, vandalism, and the generation gap (which arises, says Miss Lessing, with a perfectly straight face, because the young are born expecting to live out their prolepsarian eight hundred years).

Shikasta was narrated in a variety of tongues from diabolic officialese to sundry colloquials, all dexterously wielded, and regularly abandoned the cosmic overview to focus on various characteristic humans and their adventures in the days before and after World War Three. The novel was eventful, violent, multifarious, telling of the devil and all his works. By contrast the *Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five* is a leisurely pastoral tale of Adam and Eve. This is a striking parallel with the first two volumes of C. S. Lewis's otherwise very different fantasy *Out of the Silent Planet*.

Marriages is set in the Zones, lands whose location is not declared but which seem to make an acute metaphysical or metaphorical angle to the world's surface; visiting Canopans pass through Zone Six, a Dantesque region where thin ghosts supplicate and await rebirth. To the inhabitants of Zone Three, who navrate, Zone Two is an intolerable misty brightness to the left, Zone Four a land of militaristic barbarians to the right; Zone Five a desert beyond imagination, while home is *calme, luxe et volupté*, the arts of peace and shared sensitivity but to the inhabitants of Zone Four, Zone Three seems effete, smug and immoral. At the novel's end we are made to see that this diagrammatic view of the zones as a scale or spectrum is an oversimplification, a defect of their own bounded vision.

Things have gone wrong, and the readiness of the people of Zone Three to ignore or stereotype their neighbours is one symptom. Others are that animals are reluctant to mate, people are obscurely unhappy, and the wonders of the Sungazers are forgotten. Accordingly a message comes from the Providers, whose orders are obeyed without doubt or question, at least till the last pages of the book. It announces a dynastic marriage between Ben Ata of Zone Four and our own lovely charismatic and democratic queen Al·Ith, whose name presents problems in transcription. She makes her reluctant way to Ben Ata where, in a nutshell, she is resentful, raped, revulsed, reconciled, recalcitrant, raped again, raging, redemptive, responsive, reproductive, rested, rebuffed and finally remote. Ben Ata similarly begins beurish and baffled and is bruised, beatified and generally bowdlerized. It is a splendid opportunity, in the shifts and currents of their at first incompatible moods and perceptions, for Doris Lessing to summarize much of what she has had to say before about men and women—mostly wrong, though there is a certain amount of he-wild-as-the-wind-she-meek-as-a-fawn.

I've always considered myself about as feminist as I could decently be without becoming a kind of non-combatant auxiliary in the Revolutionary Lesbian Front (now there's an objectionable phrase) but I demurred a little, at first, at the unrelenting delicacy and good sense of Al·Ith, and Ben Ata's endless well-meaning incomprehension. Must Zone Three win all the prizes, while Zone Four can fulfil only a resolutely admitted physical need? (And Ben Ata's no good at that till he's taught.) After all, animal husbandry and building are not, historically, exclusively feminine arts.

But the meeting and mating of opposites, the alchemical marriage between Zones Three and Four, is not just a meeting between male and female. It is the conjunction of pastoral and military, of hierarchical and democratic: in fact there was a moment of brief hysteria when I thought Zones Five, Four and Three, represented respectively Epic, Dramatic and Lyric Poetry.

It is, strictly, an erotic novel, though totally multidinous, and the varieties of sexual experiences are indicated rather than described: "now they were naked most of the time, for their being bare there together was like being clothed, so various and speaking had these two bodies become." The judge from most explicit novels, there are only three kinds of sexual intercourse, "depressing", "lunatic" and "bloody marvellous", though some of the subtler ones have a two-position tough/tender switch as well.)

Al·Ith and her chocolate soldier learn one another's ways, and produce a child, heir, and promise of prosperity to both realms. The curse fades and the commonwealth is mended: and if Doris Lessing is more convincing about the advantages accruing to Zone Four by its being feminized than about the gain to Zone Three from an injection of masculine vigour, then this is probably a fair statement of the state of the world. (But it turned the screws a little tight when we learnt that the women of Zone Four had all along had a deep secret wisdom, concealed behind phlancy ("Always give way and never give in" is what loyal Dulcedi's mother taught her"). The Zones are mended, but the now gentled Ben Ata is sent off by the Powers to tame the Amazon Queen of Zone Five, who wears rough skin trousers and licks her fingers with sexy gestures when she eats chicken (I think Doris Lessing's marvellously artesian imagination has got a little choked here) while Al·Ith, a stranger in her own people, becomes a pilgrim, waiting patiently at the borders of Zone Two.

The chroniclers whose voice Doris Lessing adopts are at pains to explain that they are re-establishing a legend, clarifying a myth. Often, describing a scene, she speaks of it as "a favourite of our artists", and discusses the different renderings and distortions. It speaks well of this genial and humane work that the images evoked, which begin as those neosuperrealist imaginosymbolic postcards by Patrick Woodroffe and his ilk, with titles like "Queen Schnorro passes the Gates of Doom", progressed through pre-Raphaelite genre paintings, all tresses and textiles, and ended as Cranach Eves or miniatures of the sporting of Rodha and Krishna. And this is surely right: Doris Lessing has produced, for a modern sensibility, a radiant epithalamium.

Swimming against the current

By Anne Duchêne

MARILYN FRENCH :
The Bleeding Heart
412pp. Andre Deutsch. £6.50
0 233 97234 X

A young man was telling the present reviewer recently how he and his pretty young wife and her brother had been stopped by the police and searched for drugs, apparently only on sartorial grounds. "There we were, simply walking down the street, two men and a girl", he said, and abruptly stopped: "Sorry, *sorry*: two men and a woman . . .". There was still a joke in it; but plainly he was undergoing training. Training is usually boring, and writers like Marilyn French, concerned to provide feminist training manuals, must presumably be pardoned when they are boring too.

Miss French—how much one needs the respectfully undifferentiated "Madame" here, rather than the wizened "Ms"—knows the risks: "a woman who protests", she says here, "is seen as a nut, a freak, an aggressor, humourless, petty-minded, a shrew, a virago, a castrator, an Amazon, a bollbuster" and is constrained to be loud and shrill (also as this suggests, repetitive). She has, in fact, taught at Harvard, and written a book on James Joyce. Her first novel, *The Women's Room*, published in Britain in 1978, charted a woman's course from American suburban marriage and motherhood into the academic and sexual freedom of an Eng Lit career. It may be shrewd commercial reticence—the feminist shock troops having by now been successful enough not much to shock us any more—that makes the blurb of this second novel suggest it is about the possibility and the difficulty of love today between two "mature" people, without mentioning that the female partner is a raging militant.

Dolores and Victor—the names are doubtless symbolic—meet in England. He, an unhappily married, successful executive in an electronics company, is here for a year to open an English office; she, to research a book to be called *Lot's Wife: A Study of the Identification of Women with Suffering*.

They are wordlessly attracted in a train to Oxford (Victor, who was wearing "a nice jacket, well-worn, softened wool" and "a nice soft sweater clinging to the vulnerable flesh", later admits he was impressed by Dolores's "Indian shirt and six strings of beads"), and go silently to her Banbury Road flat to make love. Miss French, never one to shirk bare duties, has several pieces on this subject, curiously mechanistic, full of hiss and steam, like the coupling of giant locomotives ("Chemicals pulsed through thighs and sides, electrical impulses swept through bodies.... They clutched and caressed as their hearts pumped, as the sparks fell, and fiery charges burned them up").

Later, Victor and Dolores settle down to the book's chief concern, the sexual dialectic. *The Women's Room* was heavily studded with ghastly case-histories, but as there are only two protagonists here, Dolores tells Victor at great length not only about her unhappy marriage, but about the unhappy childhood of her divorced husband, who put his leg in the fire as a boy when he thought he had let his father die. Victor confesses how his wife's becoming (literally) a cripple. Dolores finally tells him about the suicide of her daughter, who had found her father dead in the garage.

Dolores declines to live permanently with Victor, as sooner or later he would expect her to behave like a wife (doing the shopping, and so forth). "Any man", she tells him, "who profits from the exploitation of women, profits in any way at all, is responsible for the exploitation of women". Women, she teaches him, are "outlaws, by birth"; are "an occupied population, with the Nazis in control everywhere"; are forced into subterfuge—a recurrent image—to swim upstream, no matter how ungainly the effort, while men slide along with the main current.

Victor bears with all this pretty patiently, and seems a decent chap. Obliged to admit his sexual sins, he counters quite smartly sometimes by attacking Dolores's liberalism, the admired simplicities of those who think power is "drinking, just who", the hypocrisy of those denying that "power is what everybody wants" (including those who exploit their helplessness), and that "only an equal and opposite power can keep human beings honest"—if competition demanded it, he stoutly affirms, and if union followed it, he would probably be quite prepared to employ child labour. He can't, of course, win. Dolores sends him back to his wife, partly through solidarity with another victim, "crushed by the weight of the entire culture", but also because, apparently, she finds him still unregenerate: "he would be unhappy until he had another woman in a wheelchair. That was the only way he could feel safe".

It is postulated that Dolores genuinely loves Victor (after examination of what love is, who love-objects are, and so on). So it must be that any loving sexual relationship in our society is impossible, absolutely, which seems a negative platform from which to debate improving matters; or that Victor is a hopelessly weak male chauvinist, which seems to do him less than justice, and make him simply part of a theorem; or else that Dolores is so much blinded by her "politics" as to have gone into unremitting masochism.

In fact, one rumbles Dolores at two points. For one thing, she is a relentless anthropologist, and gives a "puberty party" to which her unhappy little daughter first menstruates (to cheer the child up, of course): "I try to concentrate on the universal, the abstract, to look for the larger cultural patterns that make us so miserable", she tells Victor). For another, she allows herself double standards. When Victor takes her to Manchester on a business trip and feels to return for dinner, her drunken despair and fury even disturb the hotel staff. It is meant to be a pivotal scene, and is, though not quite as the author intended it: the reader, by then, knows only too well that if Dolores had been lecturing at the university there, it would have been her right to leave Victor waiting while she went on to a party.

So Dolores herself will have a good deal to learn; it isn't enough to plead that her "raw soul" can only defend itself by being angry. She does look, to use her own image, like a rather misguided salmon swimming up a narrowing creek, which will ultimately beach her. The only like salmon—a recurrent image—to swim upstream, no matter how ungainly the effort, while men slide along with the main current.

So far as writing goes, enough has probably been quoted to suggest that the book is pretty leaden, though allowance must be made, of course, for conscientious crassness, indicating Dolores's estrangement from society. Occasionally there is elation in her diaries, but often the savagery is better served in a lower key; and there are many digressions and meditations which lie on the argument like dead wood. A name-dropping travelogue, towards the end, of places where Dolores has been happy, ("the afternoon in Zmegrud with Adam . . . and sailing at Delphi in April . . . and boating on the Nam River in Fiji . . .") reeds like an advertising copy-writer's nightmare; and it is astonishing how one loses sympathy with her unhappy daughter on hearing her laugh is "like a piccolo playing early in the morning on a lane into town". A study of Joyce does not seem to have had much effect. Cultural, as well as sexual, discrepancies, in fact, beset this thesis.

POSTAGE: INLAND, 13½p. ABROAD 13p
SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE TIMES PUBLISHING GROUP, 200 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK.

Naughty maid

By T. J. Binyon

JULIAN SYMONS :
Sweet Adeloide
284pp. Collins £5.95
0 00 231069 2

Julian Symons's last novel, *Blackheath Poisonings*, was a late-Victorian London; his latest, *Sweet Adeloide*, has the same thing, but, instead of being a fictional, takes an actual case, the period for its basis. In 1886 Adeloide Bartlett was tried at the Old Bailey on the charge of poisoning her husband Edwin. She was prosecuted by Sir Charles Russell and defended by Edward Clarke, who, more successful than he was to be nine years later when defending Oscar Wilde, obtained her acquittal. Her escape seems to have been partly due to the fact that Russell, preoccupied with the trial of the Irish Home Rule Bill, did not conduct the prosecution with his usual vigour, and partly to the fact that the method of poisoning employed—poisoning a sleeping man with chloroform—was novel and doubts were cast by the defence on its possibility. Julian Symons, however, like the anonymous composer of a contemporary music hall ballad he quotes—"Oh oh oh! Adeloide, Adeloide, Wasn't she a naughty maid?"—has no doubt that she was, in fact, guilty. He puts the word a plausible and ingenious theory of how she might have committed the crime which overcome the objections raised at the trial by the defence.

Beside the actual method of murder, the case of Adeloide Bartlett presents other puzzles. What, for example, were her relations with the Wesleyan minister George Dyson, who might well have stood in the dock by her side? The Calladers's view is simple: "Oh, the Reverend Dyson in the pulpit was all very fine. But out of it he said, Come and a kiss or two won't hurt you". Symons sees the situation more subtly.

The most intriguing mystery of all concerns her origins, of which nothing is known other than Clarke's cautious remark, in his memoirs, that "she was of unacknowledged daughter of a Englishman of good position". At the time of the trial it became clear that her unknown father was rich and powerful—his agents supplied Clarke to defend her—but all rumours then current that he was of royal blood seem to be based on celled fiction only by what appeared to be a natural desire always to associate the royal family with an inexplicable and scandalous scandal—compare some of the conjectures which make Jack the Ripper a royal prince.

Julian Symons has not confined himself to a treatment of the murder and following trial; he has, he says, written not a documentary, but a novel encompassing Adeloide's life from her childhood to her death in America sometime in the 1930s. The chief interest of the book, therefore, lies not so much in his proposed solution to the crime, as in Symons's account of Adeloide's successful creation of herself as a fictional character, achieved through the description of her bringing, of her marriage (arranged by her relations's agents) to the pious Edwin Bartlett, and of the cornered relationship between Edwin, and Dyson, which, he says in his postscript, "gives off a whiff of the sexuality that bubbles constantly beneath the surface of Victorian life"—a rank odour which is also a feature of *The Blackheath Poisonings*.

The Victorian background is as magnificently in *Sweet Adeloide* as in the previous book; perhaps even more so, instead, for instance, of nothing earlier to compare with the gruesome account of Edwin's agony at the hands of a dentist, an episode which is not only very relevant to the plot but which brings together with the Jack the Ripper Hanno Buddenbrook, could have made for a much-needed, but unpublished, anthology, possibly to be entitled "The Terrors of the Dentist's Chair".

The voice of posterity

By Alan Bell

FRANK C. ROBERTS (Compiler): Obituaries from The Times, 1971-1975
647pp. Newspaper Archive Developments. £17.50.
0 90373 97 7

ity far the greatest loss during the year's suspension of *The Times* was the daily obituary section. Those who managed to secure a copy of the collected *Obituaries 1971-75* before the strike were at least able to continue their retrospective reading during the suspension, perhaps propping up the volume on the wine-cooler like Colonel Blount in *Vile Bodies*, and reading out anything really funny to their guests. *1971-75* is a rich assemblage: 588 pages of text against 868 for the whole previous decade, again edited by Frank Roberts, the well-informed and punctilious home news editor who died recently, being himself treated to a memorable obituary which one hopes will find its way into the appropriate big blue volume in a series which owes much to his editorship.

The present editor is Colin Watson, acknowledged by name in this volume and in predecessor, and his work is discussed in *See How They Run*, Lord Samuel's study of "the administration of venerable institutions". Mr Watson, we learn, has been head of the obituaries department since 1956, so the notices in the present volume were entirely published under his experienced rule; at the time of Lord Samuel's investigations in 1976 the paper was publishing some 600 notices a year, averaging 300 words each, and it had some five or six thousand *presumptive* obituaries on file in the "Morgue". The strictest secrecy is of course maintained about these as yet unpublished notices. We learn here that Mr Nubar Gulbenkian "went to extraordinary lengths over the years to get a sight of his obituary kept at *The Times*, approaching and entertaining directors and senior members of the editorial staff in the hope of achieving his aim, which would of course have been directly contrary to the paper's practice, He was not successful".

The first half of the 1970s is covered with the world-wide sweep of its predecessor, and there are appropriately long notices for the big names. One has the impression, though it may only be an illusion arising from the shorter time-span, that there is less attempt here than in *1961-70* at achieving an international spread of lesser figures, with few token Fijians or Australians brought in merely to balance national quotas. Most of the major personages are very well dealt with, the historical as well as the topical taken care of. Thus the Chiang Kai-Shek is full and authoritative, the Franco will set in its constitutional and economic background; the account of the ups and downs of Hailie Selassie manages to bring out his endearing personal traits, and that of Walter Ulbricht conveys fully the flavour of a leader who personally was "cruel, unappealing and uninspiring". Of the American presidents here, both promoted digestles, the Truman notice conveys little of the personality, but the Johnson (at twice Truman's length) is exceptionally full, particularly as his earlier senatorial career, which must have been unfamiliar to many British readers. Not all the statesmen are well done, however: the Lester Pearson notice is awkwardly written and rather unclear in judgment.

British royal biography, in which *The Times* is traditionally so strong, is represented here by the long account of the Duke of Windsor, which bends over backwards to be fair when a stricter attitude to so many phases of his career would have been all too easy to convey. His brother, the Duke of Gloucester, is treated in a conventional notice ("he had the blunt, forthright humour of the Royal Family", etc.) and at rather greater length than was perhaps necessary.

British politicians have some memorable notices—for example a judiciously severe one on Lord Brankebrough ("the secretaries now tearing at the fabric of Northern Ireland's society is in part attributable to the immobility imposed during his period of leadership"), or a somewhat puzzled essay on the strengths and limitations of the bourgeois intellectual in Labour politics which commemorates R. H. S. Crossman, with more of the qualities of a reflective leader than of a factual record. There is a deftly feline account of Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, Lord Hailes, which contains personal elements as well as general reflections on the functions of a Conservative Chief Whip:

> Tall, handsome and well dressed, his manner was urbane, his resolution unshakeable. His shrewd insight into motives led him to conclusions in which some felt that he reposed too much confidence. Some also felt that his extraordinary talent for describing these conclusions in conversation was from time to time overindulged. . . .
>
> Certainly, the experiment of substituting an artistic temperament (Buchan was an enthusiastic amateur painter) for the bluff soldierly qualities which the office had been held to demand in the past, seemed to have proved successful enough to justify its repetition in the appointment of Edward Heath.

The Hailes obituary is very well done, one of the best things in the entire volume, and there are other Tory notices which are written with information and incisiveness. Aya Lady Waverley's special qualities as a political hostess are discussed at considerable length, her achievement in moving out talent well discerned: "She could be maddening", her notice reads, "she could be catty, but she was always good value and appreciated as such. Besides, it did no harm to keep on the right side of the Cumaean Sybil in whom even Prime Ministers had been known to confide."

"The Cumaean Sybil" is good (though "Sibyl" might have been even better), one of several striking examples in this volume of unfamiliar words well used: Cardinal Tisserant's *suburbicarian* dioceses, for example, or John David Knowles's being *excloistered* when removed from the authority of the abbot of Downside. The late Duke of Buccleuch's relationship with his businessman Summers was "almost symbiotic in its instinctive partnership", and perhaps only a classical scholar or meticulous as T. F. Higham, Public Orator at Oxford, could rejoice fully in having his work described as "accurate, graceful and, in the proper sense of the word, meticulous". Carefully used specimens like these make one wonder whether, in that profession so given to loving vocatives, Nora Nicolson was indeed "among the most endeared players in her profession". And the many examples of good, clear writing make one wonder how feared jingles such as the opposition to Sir Walter Adams at University College, Salisbury, being "activistically inter-racialist" could ever have got through.

The Adams obituary is directly critical of some parts of his career, judiciously fair to others. Opportunities for wholesale rejection are rare, such as the aged Marshal Budenny ("covered like a Christmas tree with medals and decorations") who is "likely to be remembered as one of the great military incompetents of the Second World War". It is usually only *some* aspects of a personality that can in fairness be debited. Archbishop Lord Fisher ("there were those who thought he had the qualities of Martha rather than Mary") is remembered (in a notice very much shorter than Cardinal Heenan's) for his administrative decisiveness, although "the good-natured firmness with which he exerted power won him many admirers but also caused intense irritation in men with more introverted dispositions than his own". The rumbustious Lancelot Hogben (of *Mathematics for the Million*) did not quite have the "genius for making enemies" that he claimed for himself; "rather, as one of his closest associates said, 'Lancelot's world was a graveyard of unburied friendships'".

As always, deftly handled understatement is the most effective weapon available to the obituarist. Of Lord Goddard it is written that "in academic circles he was never regarded as one of the great moulders or interpreters of the law". (Elsewhere, in a notice which does an egg-slice round descriptions of Lord Chief Justice Goddard's attitudes as "reactionary", his much-admired recitation of *Albert and the Lion* is affectionately recalled). Sir Denys (Flowerdew) Lowson is remembered in a fragrant piece as having begun "his career in the City before the war, when the standards of financial morality and duty to shareholders were less developed than they are today". Desmond Morrah, the Tilter and *Telegraph* journalist, and Arundel Herald, "like many highly intellectual men, was not naturally endowed with great industry, and he was singularly free from any desire to make a name for himself"; his published works are accordingly very few.

There seem to be fewer judges and civil servants than in *1961-70*. A few judges are included merely as news items, Mr Justice Brabin's very short notice deriving from his involvement with the Timothy Evans case and not worthy of inclusion in this collection. Goddard's is necessarily defensive in tone, but it makes an instructive contrast to that of his successor, Lord Parker of Waddington, who appears later in the volume. Lord Travindale and Oaksey (Sir Geoffrey Lawrence) has one of the best judicial notices, with the international success of the Nuremberg trials to heaven the usual record of forensic success; some element of special interest in career or personality, and not just a string of prominent cases, is essential to elevate a judge's notice beyond the merely standard career. High officials, too, can be predictably and sometimes tediously recorded. Sir Frank Lee's notice has a rather blunt expansiveness—"a mere catalogue of his many and various public positions is enough to prove this married and a notable ... the lists of love ...", ... up for an undeclared ... disappointment in that part ... career: "His two most ... books, *Enemies of Promise* ... *Unquiet Grave*, close as it ... to being precisely what ... he regarded as apologia ... failure to assemble his long ... full-scale attack on the ... posterity". Many other ... notices have more than a ... the critical bete-mines about ...

Animating personal detail is essential, for the dutiful ... the current general reader, ... as for the historical record. ... John Carter's monotone, ... which head waiters quelled ... Patriarch Athenagoras, who ... kiss intimate friends or ... ecclesiastics on the top of the ... something which his great ... made it easy for him to ... Tyrrane Guthrie resembling ... albert-looking heron"; Sir ... Moufe's "almost episcopal ... nance" (none of the few ... this volume is described as ... ing like an architect), ... Innes reputed in his early ... the Scots bar to have secured ... acquittal by assuring the jury ... "My client must be innocent ... tells me so himself".

Above all, there is the ... arian historian of Islamic ... ture, Sir Keppel Archibald ... Creswell, whose "small, neat ... always impeccably dressed ... high starched collar in the ... weather, was familiar in the ... at Cairo and commanded ... and even fear in every ... even during the height of the ... crisis when he strode through ... Cairene crowds carrying a ... with his sword-like walking ... Aflac so vigorous a physique ... thin and one of countless ... (others once gives in the ... notice in *Proceedings of the ... Academy*) it was almost ... sary to add that "To his ... Creswell was unaware of the ... of the British Empire".

Obituaries from The Times ... clearly proving its worth as a ... to-date reference work. ... triple-columned pages ... mass of information, not ... designed to be read ... but none the less rewarding ... patient enough to do so ... ably in such an exercise ... oddities that stand out ... them doubtless commemorate ... particular group of readers ... diverting to a curious general ... taliner. I never knew, ... cognizant of silver-fork ... there was a "white ... school of pre-war fellows ... (s.v. Vittorio da Sica); that ... Victoria had a court ... was the father of General ... Plumer; that those might ... mitted in Welsh for ... Ingleul degrees of the ... Oxford (s.v. C. H. Dodd, ... lineal tiltom); that Jack ... horn Benjamin Kubelsky, ... Nervo and Knox, in their ... comedy partnership, ... they had broken over ... over each other's heads; ... Hudann Fysh, the Australian ... nautical pioneer, organized ... nerlol shoot of wild ...

Four years ago, when ... the *TLS* about the *1961-70* ... I contrasted it for its ... vending, its intuitive ... and the lack of a subject ... in the present volume ... ora rectified, although ... rooding is still not perfect ... Sir Alexander Ramsay ... rather than KCB, Archbishop ... Matthew FBA rather than ... and cross-referencing has ... traduced, as yet somewhat ... hazardly (Nervo is not ... to Knox).

The index to all Times ... in the relevant period is ... and provides a comprehensive ... to the national necrology ... almost independent of ... complete run of the newspaper ... a major library. There seems ... some confusion here ... styling of titled widows, ... positioning of "Lady" ... rule of correct form which ... lexers of future volumes ... well to study. This minor ... no doubt be corrected ... appears, of the ... *National Biography*, which ... covering the 1950s is still ... awaited.

Ten tenths of the law

By Geoffrey Marshall

DAVID M. WALKER (Editor): The Oxford Companion to Law
1,366pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £17.50.
0 19 866110 X

Lex non cogit ad impossibilia; but the Oxford University Press feels bound by no such limitation and has cost on David Walker the insupportable burden of assembling a single-volume compendium of Law in general. There is no Oxford Companion to Literature in general. But Professor Walker's remit is Law at all times and everywhere, or at least everywhere that matters and more or less all of it. So on first looking into Walker's *Companion* one is indeed filled with a wild surmise. What will one see between "A & B Lists" (a term in British Company Law) and "Zypaeus, Franciscus 1578-1650" (a Belgian jurist)? The answer is an astonishing variety of things—descriptions of legal systems, legal terms, legal and quasi-legal doctrines, short biographies of judges, jurists and legal philosophers, lists of legal office-holders and legal bibliography. Law is not taken narrowly since besides Zypaeus there is Aristotle, Harrington, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Rousseau, Marx, Hegel and Spinoza, not to mention Otto Friedrich von Gierke, Arthur Ducke (Fellow of All Souls in 1604) and Euric, King of the Visigoths.

The appendixes list the Incumbents of fifty-four legal offices in England and Scotland and a number in Europe and the United States. There are judges, law officers, commissioners and chairmen of commissions, plus the Directors of Public Prosecutions since 1879 and the chairmen of the Scottish Land Court since 1912. In addition there are ten Chief Justices and Attorneys-General of the United States and the judges of the International Court of Justice and the Court of Justice of the European Communities (though not of the European Court of Human Rights). Many will find this appendix one of the book's most useful features since there is no other single volume which one could lay a hand so quickly on so many lawmen and chairmen.

The bibliographical appendix is less satisfactory. It is intended as a selective guide to further works of reference. (In the legal bibliography section one of the items is a bibliography of bibliographies.) But it reflects the dilemma inherent in the enterprise itself, namely that of selecting a manageable number of items from a very large universe on some rational principle. Most of the entries list reference works to the law of particular countries. Other sections list works on Jurisprudence, Legal History, International Law and European Community Law; but no other branches of law. The nine entries under Jurisprudence deal mainly with the history of legal thought rather than with what that subject has now mostly become, namely a branch of philosophy increasingly technical in character. Many of the individual entries in the text also include bibliographical references but all the titles of the works cited here are undated. Sometimes this does not matter but sometimes it does.

In those entries where particular doctrines, rules or legal provisions are summarized there is a daunting obstacle boldly faced. Every entry, as the editor says, could have been expanded. In all of them many matters of detail, together with qualifications and exceptions to the broad statement made, are necessarily excluded. This again sometimes matters not a great deal. But in some cases exclusion of a qualification or exception may entirely mislead, so some abbreviated or general accounts will be more hazardous guides than others. Again, some subjects of a broad character are so difficult to compress that the effort to do it in a few short paragraphs seems a losing struggle against hopeless odds. Examples are such topics as "Evidence", "Interpretation of Statutes", "Judicial Review", "Jurisdiction", "Tort" and "Utilitarianism". One has a slight feeling by page 1,366 that most of the potential users of the *Companion* would happily trade in some of the space devoted to the names and works of little known, dead jurists (at least those who are very little known and dead for more than, say, 300 years) in exchange for more elbow room on major topics.

A similar worry affects North American law, which is accorded special treatment, rightly enough, as compared with French, German or Turkish law; that is to say that doctrines and cases are separately included, the cases being almost exclusively constitutional. But inevitably there is insufficient space for more than a small scatter of historically significant cases, excluding a great deal that has happened in the past decade. So no one could gain any accurate impression of the present role of constitutional law in the American legal system (especially of the role of the First and Fourteenth Amendments) from such necessarily fragmentary snapshots. Reasonably important matters not given an entry are "Advice and Consent", "Impoundment", "Class Actions" and "Judicial activism". What we need is an Oxford Companion to American Law and Politics. The editor, however, is not to be blamed. Given a novel format he has worked some wonders of compression at which it would be ungenerous to carp.

This *Oxford Companion* in fact, like all comprehensive summaries, is a fine place for browsing, noting and quibbling. So here are a few notes, browses and quibbles.

Aktenversendung. The medieval German practice of remitting difficult cases from local courts for the collective decision of the professors of the local law faculty. This says much in a short compass about the German character.

Agistment. An essential word for anyone owning a large number of cattle but no grazing land.

Azo. A jurist. There seem to have been a lot of jurists with this name coming up once a century from 1200 to 1500. We are not on any account to confuse Azo, professor of civil law at Bologna, with Azo Lamberinecius, professor of canon law at Bologna, or with Azo de Remenghis, canon law professor at Bologna.

Balfour, Sir James, of Pittendreich. This alleged notable is surely fictitious and inserted by the editor no doubt in the course of a wager. There is a tell-tale lack of precision in his origins. We are told that he "may have studied divinity and law but seems not to have been a member of the Scottish Bar". He (allegedly) helped to assassinate Cardinal Beaton and served as a French galley slave but nevertheless "managed to become Lord President of the Court of Session". In the intervals he revised the Statutes of Scotland and became "the most corrupt man of his age" (by then about 53?). Scottish humour at its worst!

Barratry, Champerty and Maintenance. It seems hardly less important not to confuse these three common law offences as it was before they were abolished as crimes and torts by the Criminal Law Act, 1967.

Basic Norm. Some unclarity here as to whether "the constitution in force for the time being will normally be the basic norm of the country's legal system" or whether the "basic norm of the country's legal system will normally be the rule that the constitution in force for the time being ought to be obeyed. Basic normers support the second proposition. Normally at any rate.

Binder, A German jurist. "Originally a neo-Kantian he later became a neo-Hegelian." Do we not want to know either a lot more or a lot less about him than this? (cf Colepeper John, Lord, below).

Burke. Burke was hanged in 1829, the mob screaming "Burke him". To burke "accordingly means to kill or shut up". But was it not Burke's method of smothering his victim that produced the "hush up" sense of "burke"? Not to be confused, of course, with "berk", a differently derived substantive term.

Cabinet. It is an exaggeration to say that "since 1945 the size has usually been about 25". About 18 to about 23 would be about right.

Canada, Dominion of. The British North America Act 1867 did not quite create a federation "under the name of the Dominion of Canada". It created a "Dominion under the name of Canada". "Canada" is nowadays in general usage as the name of Canada and the Government and Parliament of Canada are objectively "Federal" rather than "Dominion". It is also not apt to say that the Constitution "vests the residue of legislative powers in the Federation".

Colepeper John, Lord (?-1660). He advised Charles I and became Master of the Rolls in 1643 but "he made no mark on the Law" (cf Binder above).

Devolution. The Scottish and Welsh Assemblies figure here as repositories of devolved powers. Intelligent Scottish editorial anticipation has been disappointingly nullified by English Parliamentary opportunism.

Dissolution of Parliament. 1858 was not the last occasion on which a dissolution was refused by the Crown, though Lord knows which occasion was.

Krause, Karl Christian Friedrich. K. C. F. Krause is alleged to have said about law that it was "the establishment of the external conditions of reason which exists and which should be maintained independently of the freedom of the

Plugging the gaps

By David Trotter

AUDREY and PHILIP WARD: The Small Publisher. A Manual and Case Histories. 268pp. Oleander Press. £8.95. 0 900891 59 9

Optimism is something of which the publishing industry cannot often be accused. But a version of the sentiment still survives, according to this account by Audrey and Philip Ward, among the smaller concerns—those whose annual turnover ranges from the hundreds to the hundreds of thousands. The Wards tell the story of one man who obtained credit by calling on printers in a borrowed Rolls-Royce and leaving the car in a conspicuous position. And it is no surprise to find Barbara Woodhouse among the publishers surveyed—but patrician severity must come in handy when chasing up bad debts.

The Wards have a particular audience in mind:

> the man and woman (preferably both together) who have a burning need to fill gaps in the literature of one or more subjects, or who wish to specialize in poetry, fiction or drama as disseminators of the creative and critical word.

To such, they offer comprehensive and detailed advice on every aspect of publishing (editing, production, marketing, finance) and case histories of over fifty presses, from the publisher of *The Exorcist* on a couple who were trampling down a footpath in Bolivia when the burning need struck. They cannot hope to cover every eventuality, because small publishing thrives on the discovery and use of eventualities which have previously escaped attention. But the advice they offer is clearly based on a wealth of personal experience: it should prove invaluable to the beginner, and instructive in those who are just clambering out of the pitfalls it warns against.

Of course, publishing (however small) does not take place in a vacuum. The interlocking of the whole process with other enterprises and institutions raises questions of principle as well as of strategy. Here, fortunately, the Wards do not hesitate to get stuck in—for example, over the issue of Arts Council subsidy for those presses which specialize in literature. They report anxieties about the system of subsidy which the recent forum on "The Arts Council and Literature" did little to allay. They air the suggestion that grants should not be made towards particular projects, since this prevents consistent funding, but rather towards capitalization, so that a press would ask for a large grant and then hope to become independent of further aid. The problem with this is that the larger the grant, the more stringent the vetting and supervision must be—and the greater the reliance on a literature panel's action of "literary merit".

Another suggestion aired by the Wards is that the weight of subsidy should be shifted from production to distribution.

> Distributive problems . . . present the one irreducible current weakness of most small publishers. It is suggested that the Arts Council of Great Britain and regional arts councils set up distribution centres to hire freelance reps, on the usual commission, working out of a Small Publishing Centre set on existing commercial bookshop.

The Council's representatives at the forum claimed to be as sympathetic towards the general idea of such a shift as they were devoid of specific proposals for its implementation; well, this one appears on page 163.

It must be said that the process of small publishing, as conceived by the Wards, interlocks not only with other institutions but also with powerful amount of philosophy. A small publisher, they write, is a vital cog in the link of civilization. It is possible, I think, to qualify their conviction that the publishing industry, without exception, is a good thing regarding those presses as a last bulwark against society and the proliferation of nostalgic cost of the Ward's apolitical betrays them into some unimaginative grumbles. They lament "the disturbing lowering of standards in authorship":

> We can offer no novelist on a par with a Jane Austen or a Charles Dickens; no poet of any eminent worth against a T. S. Eliot or a Dylan Thomas; only one or two short-story writers.

That sounds to me rather like the editor from one of the large publishing houses, accountant at his elbow, wearily justifying an adventurous policy. It is precisely in the face of such complaints that literary reputations have been made, sometimes by a publisher who does not measure "standards in authorship" against an immovable pantheon. It is the small press which can allow us to judge a writer on his own merits, rather than in the shadow of a Great Tradition. Surely, the Wards' preoccupation with the "small family publisher" might easily lead them to underestimate the importance of a publisher like Virago, which similarly reflects a changing social climate.

Still, their book should be regarded primarily as a practical, elegantly produced, by-the-order Press. It is its own best recommendation. Although aspiring to follow in their footsteps should perhaps note the case of Wanderer Press, which went bust in full: "Nicholas Turner has been up after publishing his own book, *Acidrofilance*, because he thinks, *Acidrofilance*, because he has been accepted to train for the priesthood."

Anglo-Saxon sources

By Peter Hunter Blair

DOROTHY WHITELOCK (Editor): English Historical Documents. Volume 1: c. 500-1042. Second Edition. 952pp. Eyre Methuen. £40. 0 413 32490 7

This book, first published in 1955 and twice reprinted, contains a collection of the fundamental sources of Anglo-Saxon history down to 1042, all of them in translation. The documents total 240, varying in length from the *Chronicle* in its entirety to a charter of no more than a few lines. The selection remains the same as in the first edition, with an extra chapter from Asser's *Life of Alfred*. And a new translation of the extracts from the *Historia Brittonum* which (in the light of David Dumville's work) we must no longer attribute to Nennius. Also new are twelve genealogical tables. Different scholars have their favourite sources and, some may have wished, for change, perhaps there was a case for including the *Will of Aethelflaed*, the most important Old English document to have come to light in recent years.

The major changes between the first and second editions will be found in the footnotes, in the select bibliographies which have been largely rewritten, and in the introductions. It is to the latter in particular that the reader will find Dorothy Whitelock's expression of her own views on several topics of major importance; sometimes she accepts change, sometimes rejects it, but she never allows the seemingly fashionable to influence her historical judgment. She recognizes that archaeological evidence requires a change of view about the Anglo-Saxon settlements, that the accounts of Gildas and Bede are incomplete, not that they are wrong—that the work of Martin Biddle and others has shown how planned towns played a greater part in Alfred's defence of Wessex than had previously been supposed. P. Grierson's demonstration that the Kentish *sceat* was a weight of gold and not a silver penny dispenses of the piece-meal anomaly that the wergild of the Kentish *ceorl* seemed to be twice that of his West-Saxon counterpart. Fresh light has been thrown on the composition and circulation of the *Chronicle*, partly through the work of J. M. Bately and M. B. Parkes.

While reaffirming the genuineness of Asser's *Life of Alfred*, Professor Whitelock rejects arguments that the *Chronicle* was a propaganda for the Alfredian Alfred, nor has she any doubt about the destruction created by the Vikings. On another topic, Dorothy Whitelock argues—she argued convincingly (with support from Sidney Lee's work) that most of these annals are productions emanating from royal secretariat, thus firmly rejecting the view that the beneficiaries were their own charters.

When it was first published, as all Anglo-Saxonists will know, it was widely acclaimed by many, including Stenton and Chaney and others. And the same warm welcome should be given to the new edition. It is a book to stand unopened on the shelf, it was rather one which, apart from constant use, invites happily lollation—no fault of the editor's—seems likely to become even shorter, like to each succeeding copy as it is more widely used by those who cannot afford their own. As in the past, this book will continue to make an important contribution to the end for which the series was devised—the development of English historical studies.

The geography of authorship

By William Haley

FRANK MORLEY: Literary Britain. A Reader's Guide to Writers and Landmarks. 510pp. Hutchinson. £10.95. 0 09 139680 8

Pure serendipity—so long as the stress is kept on the dip. For not even the three Ceylonese Princes could have maintained their happiness in making unexpected discoveries by accident if they had been presented with them at every step of a long, non-stop journey.

Frank Morley's knowledge of his subject is more than encyclopedic. He enjoys hailing on the way not only the great, the famous, the well-known and the best-sellers, but also those for whom neither reference books nor indexes have hitherto been provided. The stamina of his interest is equal to all encounters, no matter how disparate. So must be his reader's. We meet on the same page Fergus Hume in his mysterious hansom cab and Oliver Goldsmith in his deserted village. Robert Bridges and Bertie Wooster jostle each other in consecutive lines. We start a paragraph in *Arabia Deserta* and end it in the Nicolsons' Sissinghurst garden.

Always, it must be said, the subjects are apposite. No conjunction is contrived or farfetched. The spirit of place marshals them all. How otherwise could *Watership Down*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *The Hobbit*, and *Kenilworth* be linked? Or A. E. Housman and Blendings Castle? Or George Orwell, J. K. Jerome, Charles Reade, Agatha Christie, and Peter Fleming come together? One quotation will furnish an example.

> Flint Cottage, where Meredith had lived from 1867 until where he died in 1909, is reached from the lane which turns uphill between the Burford Bridge Hotel and Juniper Hall, or by a track which leads from the grounds of the hotel. Before Meredith's disablement he and Leslie Stephen had been notable members of the "Informal Order of Sunday Tramps" and in his last years, despite his falls, he was deeply attached to his sloping Box Hill garden—"the smell of the earth is Elysian", he said. For a year or two before (Conan) Doyle's visit George Gissing had been living at Dorking and was a frequent visitor to Flint Cottage—Meredith had been one of the earliest appreciators of Gissing's writings. The above mentioned Burford Bridge Hotel (or a predecessor) beside the River Mole at the foot of Box Hill, was a stopping place much favoured long before Stevenson stayed there for his visits to Meredith.

The inn at Burford Bridge provided lodging on occasion for Nelson and Keats was immensely pleased, towards the end of 1817, to be staying in the room next to the one the hero had occupied. "I like this place very much", says one of Keats's letters, "there is hill and dale and a little river—I went up Box Hill this evening after the moon". "After the moon" are words with double meaning, for he was then writing *Endymion*; *Endymion* was presently completed at the inn at Burford Bridge. In the 1880s Stevenson stayed four times at that same inn "with its arbours and green gardens and silent, eddying river"; one result of his visits to Flint Cottage was that Meredith is said to have portrayed him as "Woodseer" in *The Amazing Marriage*. The track zigzagging up past Flint Cottage leads to the open hilltop, where the springy turf and incomparable views over the Weald are protected by the National Trust but open to all visitors without charge. . . .

These are all old, widely known acquaintances, and none the worse for that. Elsewhere we meet the Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, who having read *Paradise Lost*, asked Milton "what hast thou to say of *Paradise found*?". When, in due course, he showed *Paradise Regained* to Ellwood, Milton admitted that until Ellwood had prompted him he had never thought of the subject.

Morley is historical as well as topographical. He starts with the boy king, Richard II's meeting with Wat Tyler. We attend the hanging of Claude Duval at Tyburn and that of Jonathan Wild; any grimness being swiftly swept away by *The Beggar's Opera*. We travel through the centuries from Sir Gawain's confrontation with the Green Knight to Winston Churchill's Fulton speech, and beyond.

His coverage of the kingdom is systematic. Beginning with London, and warning my own heart by making Postman's Garden a focal point—many a time have I paused there on my way to some BBC-PMG meeting, to be moved by the roll of "unsung heroes" in G. F. Watts's shelter—he travels out along the historic highways; the Great North Road, the Dover Road, the Portsmouth Road, the Bath Road, the Holyhead Road, the Manchester Road, and their extensions. By this "organic road pattern" he "embraces the whole territory of England and Wales", dealing with Scotland and Ireland separately, though many of their writers come by residence into the English parts of his book. Each section is prefaced by a map; indexes of persons and places are provided for the whole. Mr Morley, one of three notable American brothers, has spent almost all his life in publishing, and much of it in England. Now eighty, he has discharged his debt to both with a cornucopia of literary history, geography, gossip, quotation, and affection. The book is a remarkable display of a lifetime's reading.

Most of his readers will come to reciprocate the affection. Inevitably some will have criticisms. My own are slight. Groombridge deserved a mention of Mark Rutherford. His life had its close there; his wife's *Groombridge Diary* gave it grace. Whitby is connected with *The Moonstone* and *Dracula*, but it was also the scene of *Sylvia's Lovers*. Meade Falkner was not "a business man of great ability". He was a charmer whom both Sir Andrew Noble, and later the Armstrong-Whitworth board, mistakenly believed they could not do without. (It is good that Mr Morley mentions *The Nebuly Coat* as well as *Moonfleet*.) Robert Burns dominates the Ayrshire section that Justice is withheld from John Galt; without Lady Charlotte Guest Wales lacks an equally formidable literary-cum-business character.

These are trifles. One puts down the book with three major, interrelated questions. For whom is it intended? Does it prove anything? What is likely to be its influence? The book's sub-title calls up the memory of an advertisement for Dent's Wayfarer's Library, sixty or more years ago. It depicted a knickerbockered man striding along a country road with an open book in his hand. *Literary Britain* might be expected to be a bookman's Baedeker. Its format, however, is large; it weighs over two pounds. Heavy going, even for what on occasions would be relatively short journeys. On the other hand, it offers little opportunity for the editelism in which dons delight. Enjoyment, not judgment, is its purpose. Morley has set out to prove nothing beyond the fact that Britain's literary heritage comes from every quarter of the realm. It is true that on the western borders of Surrey he senses a "radioactive triangle" of the English novel. But distinctions of geography and genius, regional characters and literary forms are outside his ambit. He presents Britain as a land of wide-spread bookish super-wealth.

It is to new explorers of that wealth, rather than to students of its origins, that this book will be most rewarding. Sixty years ago, popularizers of English literature in general were still plentiful. The men of letters were having a fruitful autumn. Saintsbury's three volumes of collected essays, the green line of Quiller-Couch's lectures and articles; Birrell's *Collected Essays and Addresses* in three volumes; Earle Welby's magnificent *Popular History of English Poetry*; and, smallest yet far from least, Conan Doyle's *Through the Magic Door*, all directed new readers to old treasure in tones varying from quiet appreciation to gusto. Whereas Doyle invited his readers into his library, Mr Morley takes them out on to the great master-roads and side-lanes of their country; each place supplying writers and works to enrich or entertain them. His stimulus is more indirect than that of these predecessors. In today's growing rebellion against didacticism it should be more effective.

Mr Morley also has a good deal of modernity to enhance the attraction. He starts with Gower, Wycliff, Caxton, and Foxe. He stretches far beyond the great Victorians to T. S. Eliot, both Lawrences, Dylan Thomas, Virginia Woolf, Hilda Prescott, Angus Wilson and Samuel Beckett. In some cases he offers little beyond an allusion and activates an more than a signal. In all of them there is some hope that readers will take the hint, be prompted to go to a public library or, better still, to a bookseller, and eventually reach a blissful destination. There are other paradises besides that reached by way of Kensal Green.

commentary

Representing England

By William Vaughan

Terence Clarke Representational Paintings
Edward Totah Gallery, 39 Floral Street, WC2.

In recent years representational painting has been staging a comeback. Perhaps comeback is too strong a word, since it never completely went away: but now it is back in the limelight — so well thought of, in fact, that it has become smart in some circles to dismiss the more adventurous modes of the twentieth century (notably abstraction) as aberrations which can now be dispensed with. This is clearly silly. No change of mind should blind us to the greatness of artists like Mondrian and Ruthko. They have immeasurably enhanced our sensibilities, and even representational painting has gained from them.

Terence Clarke, a British artist in his twenties, paints in a representational style that is very much of our times. His work shows many debts to the great masters of the twentieth century—both representational and otherwise. This is only to be expected in a young artist and does not in any way obscure the fact his art possesses a genuine sensibility. His response to his subjects is direct and convincing. Although he transforms what he has observed in the process of making a picture, he retains a strong sense of local environment. The painting reproduced in the publicity for his show is entitled "In England": one can hardly imagine most of his pictures being of anywhere else. Decaying seasides and rotting industrial landscapes predominate. Such scenes have been with us for a long time and have been the occasion of much nostalgic celebration in art and literature; nowadays they seem to be almost indispensable. Clarke records them with great sureness, using stringent colouring, emphatic detail and achieving a telling sense of atmosphere. He is nowhere more traditionally English, in fact, than in his feeling for the nuances of light in a landscape. In "Quotidian Picture" this results in a remarkable confrontation between an angelic blue sky with fleecy clouds and the murky terrain of railway tracks and derelict buildings below.

There is much that is admirable about such work. It is not showy or startling, but it has undeniable presence. This seems to be Clarke's strength, and I feel he begins to become mistaken when he tries to lend his scenes with additional layers of meaning. He is given to pronouncements—some of which are on display at the gallery—and is prone to baptizing his pictures with titles that seem grandiose. A deathbony girl before a lonely beach becomes "The Logic of Memory", a view across a suburban station "In Praise of the Prosaic". Over-ambitious titles are perhaps no more than irritating, but there is a pictorial device much in evidence that is more disconcerting. This is the use of large-scale figures to signal the mood of his biggest landscapes. No doubt the sense of unease that they communicate is partly intentional, but it is also partly due to uncertainties of handling—uncertainties that are at variance with the confident treatment of buildings and natural scenery. However, Clarke is clearly developing and has already come a long way. As he himself says—with an appropriate sense of tradition—"It is still deceptively difficult to do the simple thing".

Terence Clarke's "In England", from the exhibition discussed here.

Remembered acts

By Rosemary Dinnage

La Comédie-Française 1680-1980
Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

This year is the centenary of the Comédie-Française. At the Bibliothèque Nationale its foundation and history are being celebrated by a lavish exhibition (until July 27). It has been divided into two parts, covering, respectively, the first two centuries of its existence and the third. The long seventeenth-century Galérie Mazarine, resplendent with silk and gilt and painted ceiling, is the perfect setting for the first half. From the documents hoarded over the centuries by the Société des Caméliens Français here is the very *lettre de cachet* signed in 1680 by Louis XIV, authorizing the amalgamation of the troupe Molière had led with another company, to form "La seule Troupe des comédiens du Roy". This, it seems, was a royal ploy to outbid the popular rival company of Italian players. They can be seen — Panmion, Scaramouche, Arlequin—in a large painting of 1670, before the Comédie-Française's foundation, but an engraving after Watteau, "Départ des comédiens italiens" (in 1697), shows that they must have been temporarily ousted.

The continuity and sense of tradition of the Société have been extraordinary. There is a big, battered leather chair—Molière's in *Le Malade Imaginaire*; letters, manuscripts, architects' plans, account books, first editions of plays with the producers' notes in the margins, all in excellent preservation. There are marble busts of Racine and Corneille, and portraits of great *sociétaires* in gloriously histrionic poses. Some of the costumes on display, stiff with embroidery and brilliants, date from the eighteenth century. There is a startling glimpse on an upon page, of one of that century's classicized "interpretations" of Shakespeare:

Ophelia: Ah! permettez,
Madame,
Qu'osant à vos genoux
découvrir mon âme...

Gertrude: Expliquez-vous.

End of page, alas. Romanticism follows: Vigny's manuscript of *Chatterton*, letters from Musset, a whole showcase of documents relating to Hugo's dealings with the Société. There is a reconstruction of Rachel's *loge*, complete with a change of tissues and pearl-studded dagger.

The second half of the exhibition, in a less splendid salon, covers the past hundred years. Pride of membership is visible in every inch of the *sociétaires* gathered in the large group portraits, each in the costume of his or her most important role. A vast and very bad painting, "Entrée d'une première à la Comédie-Française", shows among the audience Zola, Daudet, Dumas, Renan, Sardou. Photography has arrived: Mounet-Sully frowns tremendously, corseted ladies gaze meaningfully into the wings. There is a costume—cream satin encrusted with pearls—of Sarah Bernhardt's.

In the modern period, photographs, costumes, and maquettes show that though the classical repertoire has been maintained the company has played Beckett, Brecht, Ibsen, O'Neill, Cocteau, Ionesco, Shaw. Some of the maquettes of stage sets are exquisite and indicate how important scenery and production have become—and sometimes how exceptionally inventive: Shakespeare's *Le Songe d'une nuit d'été* seems to have been played on bicycles. The exhibition ends with photographs of the workshops where all props and costumes are produced; and with a group of wigs, shoes, laces, and perrdques from 300 years of theatrical history and 2,000 different plays.

A selection of paintings from the Leeds City Art Gallery will be touring Britain during the Museum's closure for the construction of the new Moora Gallery. The exhibition includes work by Sickert ("The New Bedford"), Spencer, Gore, Harold Gilman ("Mrs Mounter"), Wyndham Lewis, Ben Nicholson, Stanley Spencer and Francis Bacon. It starts at the Victoria Art Gallery, Bath, until May 25 (to coincide with the opening of the Bath Festival) and will take in Huddersfield, Coventry, Preston, Barnsley, Lincoln and Bolton.

Reducible voltage

By Stephen Fender

Towards a Nuclear Future
ICA

The public utilities are a natural focus for paranoid fantasies, since one person, or a small group, can control the heat, light, power and water of millions connected to the grids. The contemporary argument over whether the electricity business should go nuclear has something in common, therefore, with petitions against fluoride in the water supply; that is to say, the "debate" is not restricted to rational exchange.

Something of this idea seems to lie behind the Pip Simmons Theatre Group production running at the ICA until May 17. The only real debate hero is in the programme notes. Once inside the theatre, the audience is subjected to a conflict between the cynical presentation of the "pro" lobby (music amplified noise, music and contempt of the "anti"). A media man coaches a young public relations spokesman (beautifully played by Roderic Leigh) in the arts of defending the nuclear industry: how to appear sincere and unassuming, when, to tell disarming jokes, how to deploy the dead language of pseudo-involvement ("It is, in a very real sense, your problem"). As the spokesman gets into his stride, surrounding figures wake from apathetic stupor and put on gas masks. Later they come to life, take up their instruments and begin to interrupt his patter with expressions of disbelief, slogans, songs, pamphleteering and visits up the gangway to the audience.

In the midst of this confusion they enact three tableaux: the unexplained death of Karen Silkwood, who worked in an Oklahoma plutonium plant and stole documents to prove that her employers had ignored safety regulations; the near-disaster at Three Mile Island, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, when a nuclear power plant ran out of control; and a band of terrorists seizing a power station.

From a theatrical point of view, the best of these is the Harrisburg number. The actors stand behind a large chromium-can bumper taken from the most exuberant stage of American automotive design, festooned with at least twenty lights. As the crisis accelerates, the stage-lights accelerate, the accident are announced in neutral tones by a female computer voice of the kind made familiar by television space operas), the lights wink ever more furiously and the electronic synthesizer crescendoes in pips and rumbles.

Of course the Group is too intelligent to offer this as an argument against nuclear energy. On a second level of irony, it is the protesters who are seen as exploiting and overbearing. They tun are into public relations; members of the audience who signed a petition against nuclear power on their way into the theatre had their names read out in the performance. A near trick, showing how even the good guys beguile the public. Their pitch is the time-tested generosity of the moumtebank: noticed anything wrong with your health recently, they ask the audience; "illness? headache? catarrh?"

Another joke is that in this show it is the opponents of nuclear energy who have all the power—not only in organization (indeed, orchestration) of superior numbers but in current fur their loudspeakers, synthesizers and electric guitars—and none of the arguments. When the power runs out, as the industry says it will if we continue to rely on fossil fuels, what will poor robin do then? Music we will have still, among the candles (strings, a harmonium, a kazoo and saxophones supplemented by the tranic gear, and even if the aggressive cellist was obvibusly untaught, he was hitting all the notes), but the voice, at least, will have to come down to the level of the opponents and cry: "Power! Power! Power!" then, though, debate will not matter. The mouther of the jokes.

The problem, oddly enough in this most theatrical of groups, is theatrical one. Can a production of under an hour and a half-long can any play develop and mature? Ironies of such Jamesian subtlety James himself came to grief on the stage, in the humiliating response to *Guy Domville*. Brecht used a hotlip on his alienation-effects. The problems, of course: it was hard at times to avoid feeling that the flamboyant dialogue, at its most stylized, would have had a better chance on the stage than the small screen, with its relentless pressure towards realism. Yet the richness of the language survived, and in different degree all three productions demonstrated that the playa can be realized in television terms.

Juno and the Paycock, as the most realistic, is probably the easiest of the three to envisage as a television piece, which makes it all the more necessary for director and actors to resist overplaying the realism. Jonar and the Paycock are historionic persons: it would be easy to bring them too close to us, diminishing them and the histrionics—which are deliciously comic but also involved in the tragic meaning of the play. There should always be something larger than life about the stories, a whiff of the vision which hovers in the background of the cramped, aspiring lives of the tenement dwellers. The RTE production caught a good deal of the right spirit; though naturalism was dominant, the camera's ability to fasten on small details was used to point up the prosaic in interesting ways. More than usual was made of Mary, for instance. In the opening shot she was seen reflected in a mirror, completely absorbed in applying make-up, creating a dream face of the 1920s; an appropriate image for this play about grim awakenings from romantic dreams. There were revealing close-ups, too, of a grey, rightly-criminal Juno and a Johnny tormented by thoughts of the comrade he betrayed to his death.

In *Red Roses for Me*, the camera captured the rich variety of human expressions on the faces gathered in Mrs Breydon's room as Ayamonn's friends exchange their comically diverse views on politics, religion, the threatened strike. Always it returned to register, in the sensitive face of John Kavanagh's Ayamonn, the tragic potentiality of all this discord. With the aid of scrupulous acting—excellent in all three productions—the play survived, if only just, the testing title act which represents the force of Ayamonn's social vision through a mystical transformation scene. For a few moments, in a sunset glow, the disconsolate unemployed loungers and flower-sellers on the Liffey bridge take on the high colour and style of a heroic past and look forward to the heroic future for which Ayamonn is prepared to sacrifice his life in the strikers' march. A fine handling of light, with the windows of houses across the river seen glimmering, created a genuinely poetic moment. The rest of the scene fell short of the unearthly prophetic quality O'Casey wanted: we did not see Ayamonn's head, in a streak of sunlight, "looking like the severed head of Dunn-Bo speaking out of the darkness". But on the earthly side of things it was entirely convincing.

Predictably, *The Silver Tassie* presented the biggest problems: the modulation of tone O'Casey calls for between the personal and the vast impersonal of war proved beyond the capacity of the small screen. The great war scene of the second act was composed by the playwright like a painting—it was executed for the first production by Augustus John—and the camera tried hard to give us the full symbolism by tracking from one point to another, fastening now on the detail of the shattered Christ, now on the Croucher, sitting motionless in tin hat and gas cape like a grey sculpture, intoning the terrible question from Ezekiel, "Shall these bones live?"—but the effect was over-fragmented: so, too, with the choruses which were broken up among individual soldiers, the camera tracking from one face to another. This added to the difficulties the actors had in modulating from colloquial Irish and Cockney chat to expressionistic chants, and intoning in Gregorian style (the effect much admired in C. B. Cochran's original stage production). There was some imaginative and effective use of close-ups, however, to mark the movement from one act to another: we looked into the approaching scene through the eyes of Harry or Barney, shuddering at what was to come. The final scene in the dance-hall was powerfully ushered in by such a view: first the wounded hero's suffering eyes, then a memorial tablet to the fallen, under it the blinded Teddy; and so into the frenetic dancing in which the survivors of the war ruthlessly assert their right to live and love, leaving the paralyzed one and the blind man to help each other if they can.

Litotoure was as important to O'Casey as theatre, as we are reminded in one of the essays in Books. Welcome to is the *Irish University Review*: Jordan discusses O'Casey's literary attitudes and points to some of the ways in which the plays and his splendid autobiographies complemaur each other. The original six volumes of the autobiography were collected in a two-volume paperback edition by Macmillan in 1963: it has now been reissued by Pan Books. Welcome too is the *Irish University Review*, with its informed end up-to-date studies, including an interesting analysis by Alan Simpson of the impact made on O'Casey by his early life in the East Wall area of Dublin: an informative account by Michael O hAodha of O'Casey on the Irish radio. In this issue, too, Ronald Ayling analyses O'Casey's first extant play, *The Harvest Festival*, now for the first tioe published in Britain by Colin Smythe, and in the USA by the New York Public Library (91pp, 0 87104 273 8). For O'Casey's admirers it is an interesting piece. Easy, of course, to see why it was rejected by the Abbey: the dialogue is stiff, especially when the young working-class idealist, obviously a prototype of Ayamonn, is holding forth; and the structure is weak: the whole last act is taken up with anti-climactic squobbles over the mother's plea to have her son's dead body taken into the church where he was once a worshipper.

But how sad that Lady Gregory and Yeats did not respond more encouragingly, for there are virtues in the prentice work; much fire and some characteristic humour, as when the subservient Catholic working man takes advantage of being alone to reflect adversely on his bossy employer—"Protestants is curious animals". O'Casey was able to the and to give himself the advice the Abbey did not give: in re-writing parts of the play in *Red Roses for Me*, he made out of the grief of the bereaved mother one of the most touching of all dramatic scenes of mourning, a quality well captured in the television production.

commentary

Roote and Gibbs and Lush and Lamb

By Blake Morrison

The Hothouse
Hampstead Theatre

I wrote *The Hothouse* in the winter of 1958. I put it aside for further deliberation, and made no attempt to have it produced at the time. I then went on to write *The Caretaker*. In 1979 I re-read *The Hothouse* and decided it was worth presenting on the stage. I made a few cuts but no changes.

Not exactly a new Pinter, then, nor a revival, but a play he thought better of. And not one he can have totally forgotten, either, whatever his programme note might imply: a section of *The Hothouse* (the interrogation of Lamb) was lifted out to become a sketch in its own right, "Applicant", in 1964; and Pinter allowed the original manuscript of *The Hothouse* to be seen by Martin Esslin, who describes the play in detail in his study *The Peopled Wound*, suggesting that it "was discarded because the author realized that his future lay in the area of realism". Not quite unfamiliar territory, but an even nevertheless and a chance to be clearer about the shape of Pinter's development.

The Hothouse is set in an institution whose nature is never entirely made known to us (the staff refer to "patients", and use the terms "rest home" and "convalescent home") but which seems to be that of a mental hospital. The patients are known by numbers, not names, and remain offstage: the staff, in their grey suits and impersonal surroundings, are the only people we see. Roote, the director (an ex-army man), Gibbs, his immediate subordinate, Miss Cutts, their mistress, and Lush, a man in his thirties—these are the four principal characters and during the day and evening of the action much of their time is taken up in investigating two mysteries: the death of patient 6457 and the birth of a child to patient 6159. Suspicion is centred on a fifth character, Lamb, as innocent-seeming as the name suggests; blunte, after a débâcle in which all but one of the staff are massacred by the patients, officially falls on Roote; but Gibbs might also be guilty—we are never sure, nor meant to be.

Pinter's play isn't really the thriller which such a plot summary is in danger of making it seem to be; but nor is it the "grotesque fantasy" populated by "gargoyles rather than human beings" which Martin Esslin led us to suppose. In the Hampstead production, directed by Pinter himself, there's a marvellously substantial performance of Roote by Derek Newark, with good support from James Grant as Gibbs. The other actors are less successful in bringing out the play's comedy: Robert East has a nice line in longueurs, exasperated stares but seems too dry and genteel for the part of Lush, which should have something of the suppressed violence of Mick in *The Caretaker* and Foster in *No Man's Land*; Roger Davidson isn't quite confidently uncomfident enough as Lamb; and Angela Pleasance as the sexy-but-sadistic Miss Cutts ("You like to get your hands round someone's neck") Gibbs becomes here is a bit sub-Tulip.

Pinter criticism, largely because of its preoccupation with silence and obscure, has overlooked the extent to which his plays are about power. Roote, like Hirst in *No Man's Land*, maintains his authority only precariously: he tyrannizes, worries about failing strength, insists on being called "Sir" and not being called "Colonel" (except by the head porter, Tubb) and is paranoid that the patients do not like him and that the staff are "taking the piss". His inferiors, like Davies in *The Caretaker* (to which this play inevitably sheds some light) are not sure where they stand with him, how far they can go, when they may overstep the mark ("Don't think I can't squash you on a plate as easy as look at you", Roote warns Lush). The hothouse of the title has something to do with questions of power and pressure: Roote is feeling the heat; he also makes life hot for others. So, too, in the interrogation sequence, Gibbs and Miss Cutts give Lamb a grilling or rousting.

Lamb's name has other associations. However subtly edited by late Pinter, *The Hothouse* remains early Pinter, and as such enjoys playing with a symbolic framework. The action takes place on Christmas Day, and there are several references to Easter; a child is born, a man dies, a father is sought; Lamb is accused and tried, Roote speaks of himself as a "delegate" of some higher power. The Christian references are lightly handled but as typical of early Pinter as the harsh monosyllabic names (Roote, Gibbs, Lush, Hogg, Beck, Budd, Tuck, Dudds, Tate and Pett) the heavy use of alliteration and euphony ("It's a Christmas cake Colonel, cooked by the cook"), and the note of social protest against bureaucratic depersonalization. Some of the play's elements are indeed early to the point of naivety—the numbers-not-names idea, for instance, and the surreal offstage politics—and others aren't fully integrated: it's easy to see why the interrogation with electrodes (here literally boxed off from the rest of the action) was taken out to make another play. But early Pinter, even bottom-drawer Pinter, is worth the mature, top drawer work of just about anyone else around, and *The Hothouse* more than justifies its retrieval.

The O'Casey centenary

By Katherine Worth

The centenary of Sean O'Casey's birth is being celebrated with a vigour which makes one hope that the full extent and diversity of his artistic achievement are at last being recognized. There has never been a shortage of praise for the Dublin "trio": Joxer and the Paycock swapping tall tales outside the "chassis", Fluther and company arguing in the bar regardless of the orator outside calling the citizens to revolution—these are the images likely to come to most people's minds when O'Coscy is mentioned. But the plays written after *The Plough and the Stars* in 1926 have had a more confused reception.

We are still not seeing productions of his experiments in more fantastic and dream-like modes: in centenary production as yet, for instance, of *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, with its Dionysiac dancing cock, the image of havoc and rebellious pleasure in the puritanical village of Nyadanave. All the same, there is an encouraging variety of approach to the centenary offerings. Juno and *the Paycock* has been televised, *The Plough and the Stars* had an airing at the National Theatre somewhat in advance of the occasion, and the first Dublin play, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, is being given a sensitive production by the Royal Shakespeare Company (reviewed in the *TLS* on April 11), a fitting compliment to a playwright who was an ardent Shakespeare-lover. The Abbey Theatre has returned the compliment, so to speak, with Hugh Hunt's production of *Red Roses for Me*—indubitably a Dublin play, first performed there and dealing with a painful moment of Dublin history, the 1913 strike, but opening with a line Shakespearean flourish: a Macbeth-like knocking at the door, followed by lines from King Henry VI which Mrs Breydon is helping Ayamonn to learn for an amateur performance.

The visual unsuitedness of this scene—the working-class woman in the shabby tenement, draped in a velvet cloak and speaking Shakespeare's lines—was nicely used as the start of Alan Gibson's television production of the play to emphasize the spirit which raises Ayamonn and his mother above their material poverty. *Red Roses for Me*, *The Silver Tassie* and *Juno and the Paycock* were produced for the centenary by Radio Telefis Eireann in conjunction with the BBC: this is the most substantial and ambitious of the tributes so far presented. An introductory programme by BBC Belfast of interviews, reminiscences and assessments proved a good augury for the productions in its directness and respect for its subject. O'Casey's widow, Eileen, spoke with tranquil appreciation of a life that had many stormy periods, and there were glimpses of O'Casey himself, jaunty in his coloured cap, and irrepressibly Irish, despite all those years in Totnes.

The productions proved equally true to their author. There were problems, of course: it was hard at times to avoid feeling that the flamboyant dialogue, at its most stylized, would have had a better chance on the stage than the small screen, with its relentless pressure towards realism. Yet the richness of the language survived, and in different degree all three productions demonstrated that the playa can be realized in television terms.

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to the editor

Roosevelt's Foreign Policy

Sir,—In his review of my book, *Franklin D. Roosevelt and American Foreign Policy, 1932-1945* (February 22), D. C. Watt tells us that there is a New Deal School offering "a version of the 'good guys' and 'bad guys' approach to history". It is not my book, or this so-called New Deal School, which suffers from this simplistic or reductionist approach, but rather Mr Watt's review. Mr Watt is so intent on attacking F.D.R.'s handling of foreign affairs that he loses sight of the fact that good history seeks first to explain and only secondly to judge. The trouble with this school, Watt says, is that it proceeds from a "purely nationalist framework", and fails to apply the insights of political science "to his source materials". Perhaps it is Mr Watt's grounding in political science which makes his assertions about F.D.R.'s foreign policy so muddled and wrong-headed as they are.

Focusing his attention almost exclusively on the years 1933-37, Watt decries Roosevelt's nationalism and insists that he could have acted otherwise by taking account of international conditions and responding to them with constructive economic and political actions. Mr Watt cannot find words strong enough "to condemn Roosevelt's international role in the years 1933-36", and he wonders "whether the President was in fact so dominated by domestic political considerations" as historians, "incapable of grasping the international environment in which he acted", think. The answer, which is transparent to anyone who carefully studies the making of American foreign policy in this period, is yes. Moreover, the one "slightly out of touch with reality" was not Roosevelt and the historians who have explained his nationalistic actions in these years as the consequences of irresistible domestic economic and political pressures, but Mr Watt. His suggestion that Roosevelt could have assured an outcome to the London Economic Conference which would have greatly benefited the American and world economies is even less persuasive today than when Herbert Hoover made it in 1932-33. Moreover, Watt's assertion that Roosevelt's actions in 1933 damaged "Britain's principal role in the containment of European authoritarianism" ascribes powers to F.D.R. he never had, and offers a glib rationalization for British timidity which no thoughtful historian at this late date would accept.

Mr Watt's capacity for misunderstanding is astounding. Roosevelt never saw a threat to democracy in America from Alf Landon. F.D.R.'s concern in 1936 was with the consequences for democracy abroad from anything less than a ringing endorsement for the one democratic administration in the world which offered hope that a democratic system of rule could function more effectively than the totalitarian ones then so strongly on the march. That Landon would do so poorly in the 1936 election was something that only a very few in the United States foresaw.

Again, Mr Watt's depiction of Roosevelt's support of the Reciprocal Trade Program as consistently strong and of the President's Quarantine Speech as the product of "a long line of proposals for economic warfare in time of peace which developed into the programme of economic pressure on Japan" are distortions of historical reality. Undoubtedly, the Hull and Ellbank papers demonstrate F.D.R.'s support of reciprocal trade, but they cannot eliminate the fact that for a while Roosevelt used the Reciprocal Trade Act to encourage international cooperation and economic nationalism at the same time. Nor does this leave the reader of my book, as Mr Watt says, "with the President stultifying Hull's Reciprocal Trade Program . . .". As I make abundantly clear, after some eighteen months of equivocation, Roosevelt finally came down on Hull's side. This is something one cannot learn from reading the Runciman or Elibank papers, but by studying the rich record available in the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park. Likewise, a close study of the extensive manuscript records at Hyde Park and the Library of Congress demonstrates not what Dallek and Pratt conclude about the Quarantine Address, but what Dorothy Borg said in her excellent book, *The United States and the Far Eastern Crisis of 1933-38*—namely, that F.D.R.'s speech was another in a series of ad hoc attempts on his part to find a means to restrain Japan. Mr Watt's conclusions about the origins and consequences of the Quarantine Speech are too linear. And to those, like myself and Dorothy Borg, who have studied intensively how F.D.R. made foreign policy, this is crystal clear.

Mr Watt is perplexed at Roosevelt's reliance on Sumner Welles, whom he intemperately and ungenerously describes as "a fool, a cheat and a liar". Roosevelt's use of Welles is hardly "beyond understanding". As I explain in my book, though Roosevelt himself was sceptical of Welles's peace initiatives and post-war plans, F.D.R. "valued him as a reflection of the idealism in the country about world affairs". Whatever the shortcomings of this view, it reflected a political reality in the United States which Roosevelt could not afford to ignore. I find Mr Watt's preference for William Bullitt and Norman Davis a bit difficult to understand. Bullitt's emotionalism about foreign affairs and Davis's exaggerated hopes for disarmament and international understanding offered little to recommend them over Welles as realistic foreign policy advisers.

If all the above were not enough to confuse the reader of Mr Watt's review, he concludes by telling us that in spite of Roosevelt's "indifferent record of achievement, he remained for all his life, and long after, the voice of democracy and the embodiment of all that successfully repelled and eliminated the European brand of populist authoritarianism". To achieve an understanding of how this occurred, Mr Watt urges the need for multinational archival research and "a thorough examination of Roosevelt in his international as well as his American environment", whatever that may mean. That such a study might further advance our understanding of F.D.R.'s leadership is of course possible. But only if it is free of the prejudices Mr Watt so markedly displays in his review.

ROBERT DALLEK

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Somerset Maugham

Sir,—In your issue of April 25 you print a long review by Victoria Glendinning, principally devoted to Ted Morgan's biography of Somerset Maugham. She writes: "But he [Maugham] also apparently provided funds, anonymously, for Norman Douglas after one of his spells in the cells, and for the rest of his life. (This is not recorded in Mark Holloway's biography of Douglas.)" If I understand this somewhat convoluted sentence correctly, it is Douglas who had "spells in the cells". Though threatened with arrest, I do not believe that Norman Douglas ever served a prison sentence. If Mark Holloway does not refer to this prolonged *largesse* on the part of Maugham towards Douglas, it is because no such thing ever happened.

When talking to me about Maugham, Douglas gave one example of Maugham's financial meanness, which Douglas ascribed to a basic meanness of spirit. Maugham had invited Douglas to lunch at the Villa Maoresque. Douglas was then living in poverty in Antibes. After lunch Maugham told Norman Douglas where in a couple of miles (away) and when he could catch a bus home, though Maugham had a car, chauffeur and black market petrol (so this incident must have occurred during the Second World War). Norman Douglas dismissed him, to me, with a phrase of his that was not unfamiliar: "The wrong sort of sod, my dear."

In his old age Norman Douglas had two benefactors known to me. His old friend "Bryher" gave him a residence on Capri, in the Villa Tuoro. And Graham Greene gave Mario Soldati the money with which to buy the film rights to *South Wind*. This I learnt from Signor Soldati. I am sure that Norman Douglas never knew the true source of this unexpected windfall. Certainly Graham Greene never mentioned this to me, nor to anyone I know, at the time or later.

I never met Maugham and have no wish to blacken his character, but credit for generosity should go where it belongs.

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

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'A Poison Tree'

Sir,—Stephen H. Ford (Letters, April 4) cites John Blackburn's *A Some Apple Tree* as a development of Blake's "A Poison Tree" along the lines that L. C. Knights had in mind (February 29). The same theme was developed in the title story of *The Poison Tree*, a collection by Walter Clemons (Houghton Mifflin, 1959).

J. A. W. BENNETT.

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'Rear Column'

Sir,—To judge by A. S. Byatt's review of Simon Gray's play *The Rear Column* (Commentary, April 25) it seems that misunderstandings may have arisen about the relationship between the play and the historical events which inspired it. The play is not a documentary. It embodies only a selection of the known facts in what is otherwise a work of creative fiction. Mr Gray will confirm this.

Nor is it fair, either to the fiction or to the history, to see the play as a comment on the "last desperate throshings of British imperialism". Whatever the motives of Stanley and his backers, the motives of his subordinates—some of whom were little more than schoolboys—had not the remotest connection, either overt or covert, with ambitions of colonial aggrandisement. They joined the expedition for exactly the same reasons that today's young men to the Antarctic, the Amazon or the Himalayas. The tragic interest of the events at Yambuya arises from the innocence, not the wickedness, of the participants.

I also note that A. S. Byatt seems inclined to accept the hoary old canard that Bartelot is the original of Conrad's Kurtz. Though it is highly probable that Conrad knew something of the Yambuya tragedy, there exists no known documentary evidence on the point. Moreover, beyond the fact that both men lost their reason in the same corner of Africa, resemblances between Kurtz and Bartelot are minimal. It is really necessary (and I question this) to find an "original" for Kurtz, there are at least three men with better claims, one of them being Jameson who, unlike Bartelot, had the necessary outlook, sensitivity and intelligence for the essentially Faust-like character with which Kurtz is invested. (For a fuller discussion of this question readers may consult my book *The Rescue of Emin Pasha*, Allison and Busby, 1972.) Incidentally, the account of Jameson's death given by Word, the only eye-witness, in his book *With Stanley's Rear Guard* (1891) might have been written by Conrad himself.

Finally, it should be said in passing that Jameson did not witness the cooking and eating of the girl he bought, though he did see her killed and butchered. He does not therefore qualify to be added to the question of those wishing to add Professor Arens (*TLS*, January 25 and subsequent issues) in his search for the missing anthropophagi.

ROGER JONES.

Bryn Clettwr, Pontshsen, Llandysul, Dyfed.

Among this week's contributors

ALAN BULL is working on the life and letters of Sydney Smith.

L. D. BUNNARD is a consultant at the Oxford University Computing Service.

RICHARD COBB is Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford. His most recent book, *The Streets of Paris*, was published by Duckworth earlier this month.

KATHERINE DUNCAN-JONES's *Selected Poems of Sir Philip Sidney* has just been re-issued by Clarendon Press.

STEPHEN FENDER's *The American Long Poem* was published in 1979.

SIR WILLIAM HALEY was first Editor-in-Chief, then Director General, of the BBC from 1943 to 1952.

MARTIN HARRIS is Professor of Romance Linguistics at the University of Salford.

G. E. J. NIXON is the author of *The World of Bees*, 1954.

RAMONO O'HANLON has just finished a study of Joseph Conrad and Charles Darwin.

SIR DAVID HUNT is the author of *A Don at War*, 1966, and *On the Spot*, 1975.

PETER HUNTER BLAIR is Archivist and Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His books include *The World of Bede*, 1970, and *An Introduction to Anglo-Saxon England*, reissued in 1977.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History at University College London.

ERIC KORN is a bookseller in London.

GEOFFREY MARSHALL's books include *Constitutional Theory*, 1971.

DAVID MITCHELL is the author of *Women on the Warpath*, 1966, and *Queen Christabel*, 1978.

BLAKE MORRISON's *The Movement* was published last week.

C. M. PENNINS is the author of *Birds*, 1974.

PETER RICKMAN is a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

GAMINI SALGADO is Professor of English at the University of Exeter.

T. A. SHIPPEY's books include *Poetry of Wisdom and Learning in Old English*, 1976.

C. H. SISSON's *The Avoidance of Literature: Collected Essays* was published earlier this year.

STUART SUTHERLAND is Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Sussex.

DAVID TROTTER's *The Poetry of Abraham Cowley* was published earlier this year.

WILL VAUGHAN's *German Romanticism and English Art* will be reviewed shortly in the *TLS*.

ALWYNNE WANTRAM's most recent book is *The Tidal Thames: The History of a River and its Fishes*, 1979.

Nazis and their Nicknames

Sir,—"Hitler may not have been the grotesq *Feldherr* of all time" —*Grofax* is the acronym of his titles—but . . . so John Keegan in his review of John Grigg's 1943: *The Victory That Never Was* (April 25). He misses the point; *Grofax* can be read not only as *grösster Feldherr aller Zeiten* but also as *grösswahnsinniger Faizke* (megalomaniacal fop). Consequently it was those who wished to poke fun at the Führer who called him this, not his enemies. Such derision (among friends, of course) was not rare in Nazi Germany. Himmler, for example, had the official title *Reichsführer SS und Chef der deutschen Polizei*, and his first name was Heinrich; so he was referred to as der *Reichsheini*, whereby one must know that Heini is not only a pet form of Heinrich but also a title given to simpletons or half-wits (an *dummer Heini*, ein *richtiger Heini*, etc). It would be interesting to know whether Soviet leaders have attracted similar titles.

R. GRUNER.

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Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow, and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than Friday, May 30. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to The Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, PO Box No. 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of June 6.

Competition No 22

The first and third quotations are translations:

1 "I saw the Sibyl at Cumae"
(One said) "with my own eyes"
She hung in a cage and read
her rune
To all the passers-by
Sold the boys, "What would
thou, Sibyl?"
She answered, "I would
die".

2 I add yet farther: what flesh? The flesh of an infant. What, *Verbum infans*, the Word of an infant? The Word, and not to be able to speak a word? How evil egeeth this!

3 I trood, you tread in a laud of high slopas clothed in balm, whare the linen of the Greor is exposed to dry.

We step over the gown of the Quaen, all of lace with two brown stripes (and how well the acid body of a woman can stain a goivn at the armpit).

We step over the gown of the Queen's daughtar, all of lace with two bright stripes (and how well the lizard's bulge can catch ants in the armpit).

And perhaps the day does not pass but the same man may burn with desire for a women and for her daughtar.

Results of Competition No 18

Winner: Alistair Elliot, 27 Hawthorn Road, Newcastle upon Tyne NE3 4DB

Answers:

1 The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven.
The slender coco's dropping crown of plume.
—Tennyson, *Enoch Arden*

2 "Where's my coco-nut?" Gov handed him the shaddled head. "My word, he's a beauty isn't he. Look at his great teeth. Never saw a better. Damned if I'll give him up to the Force Commander, I'll shriek and pickle him; I'll give an interest while I'm alive." Evelyn Waugh, *Men at Arms*

3 Insular café tables under awnings
Bemused benlighted half-caste passers
To stretch your yawning
Ten yellow plows and . . .
Order Green coconuts to drink with straws
—Lawrence Durrell, "Green Coconut"

The matter of intelligence

By Stuart Sutherland

ARTHUR R. JENSEN:
Bias in Mental Testing
786pp. Methuen. £15.
0 416 83230 X

Mental testing is a risky subject. It is both esoteric and extraordinarily dull, yet in recent years it has aroused the sort of passions that formerly could have been provoked only by a theological dispute. Egalitarians have been scandalized by the suggestion that intelligence is to a large extent inherited; they have been even more deeply outraged by the finding that the children of the upper social classes perform better on IQ tests than do those of the lower, and that American Caucasians outperform negroes. Mental tests have been condemned as outlaw, elitist, biased, an invasion of privacy, and an instrument to oppress further the already downtrodden. It is alleged that whatever intelligence is, intelligence tests do not measure it. The posthumous exposure of an eminent and now notorious professor who had fabricated his test results was treated by the press as an event of cosmic importance, and many practitioners of mental testing have been abused or even physically assaulted.

This uproar was in part provoked by a lengthy article written by Arthur Jensen in 1969 and entitled "How much can we boost IQ and scholastic achievement?" His answer to this question was "Not much", and he argued that IQ was 80 per cent inherited. His mammoth new book, *Bias in Mental Testing*, will do nothing to dispel the furore. Its main theme is that it can be demonstrated that most existing tests are not biased against minority groups, but on the route to this conclusion, it touches on many other problems and the early chapters contain a useful exposition of how mental tests are constructed and validated.

The main reasons for supposing that there is some general capacity that corresponds to what we call "intelligence" are as follows. If batteries of different tests are presented to different individuals it has been repeatedly found that those who do well on one test tend to do well on others. The different tests may comprise very different sorts of questions—for example spotting the odd word out in a list of words, continuing a series of numbers, detecting the mistake in a picture, selecting one of a number of patterns to complete a design, or finding the way through a visually presented maze. The results of administering such test batteries can be submitted to a mathematical procedure known as "factor analysis". In its simplest form, this technique reveals how far the test results of different individuals can be accounted for in terms of variations in a set of independent factors, which are usually interpreted to be skills possessed in greater or lesser degree by everyone who took the test. It also specifies how far each test is a measure of the skills, but it does not reveal what the skills are. To decide this, it is necessary to examine what is common to those tests whose results are best predicted by individual variations in a given factor.

When a battery of many different kinds of mental test is given, it usually turns out that the factor which best accounts for the differences in individuals' performance in the majority of tests has something to do with reasoning ability or skill at deducing new relationships. The more the test material presented needs to be transformed in order to answer the question, the better performance on that test is predicted by variations between individuals on this hypothetical factor. For example, note learning ability is poorly predicted by it, but ability to reproduce a list of words backwards is rather better predicted; again speed of response in a simple stimulus has little to do with this factor, but when it is necessary to make a selection between several stimuli, then performance is to some extent correlated with it. The British psychometrician, C. E. Spearman, labelled this factor "g" for "general intelligence".

It should be emphasized that factor analysis does not prove that there are a set number of specific skills that determine performance on a battery of tests: it only shows that the results of the tests are consistent with there being a particular set of skills, but, depending on how the factor analysis is performed, the results can be shown to be consistent with the postulation of several different sets of skills. Showing that the outcome of administering a battery of tests to different people is consistent with there being some rather general skill labelled "g", and a number of individual skills (for example, verbal ability, mathematical ability, ability at inducing spatial relationships, motor coordination, and so on), is only one of several possible solutions to the factor analysis. Moreover, the factors that can be extracted from the administration of a test battery will depend both on the nature of the tests used and on the composition of the population to whom they are administered. Nevertheless, it has been repeatedly found that there are high correlations between individuals' performance on tests that *prima facie* appear to require intelligence—that is, they do not merely depend on regurgitating previously acquired knowledge, they demand mental manipulation of the materials presented.

Once it is accepted that there is such a trait as general intelligence, it is possible to construct more refined tests of it. Where performance on a question is known not to correlate highly with the hypothetical "g" factor, that question or type of question will not be included in a test designed to measure intelligence. Within this limitation, intelligence tests incorporate as diverse a variety of material as possible, in order to minimize the influence of specific skills. In addition, efforts are made to include in the test only material with which all those to whom the test will be administered are equally familiar. Hans Eysenck has pointed out that accurate thermometers were developed in a rather similar way: subjective judgments of temperature are unreliable, but by aiming at consistency of readings under different conditions and across different thermometers, it was possible to develop accurate instruments for measuring temperature.

Measured intelligence correlates reasonably well, but not perfectly, with people's judgments of the intelligence of others. It also predicts scholastic success, though again imperfectly which is hardly surprising since many other factors such as motivation determine successful performance at school or university. As Jensen points out, IQ is a much better predictor of scholastic success than socio-economic status.

What does all this tell us? The answer is that people who are good at mentally manipulating one type of material in order to solve an abstract problem tend to be good at mentally manipulating other types of material. The word "abstract" is important since most of the questions set in IQ tests have little relationship to the problems people must solve in the day-to-day business of living; I shall return to this point later. For the moment, it is enough to note that it is not known how far measured IQ correlates with insight into oneself and others, skill at conducting personal relationships, or the ability to produce a good woodcarving. To the extent that abstract mental manipulations enter into all three skills, there may well be some correlation, but we have at present little idea of how much. Moreover, everyday observation of others suggests that there may be little correlation between IQ and that important but evasive human quality that we call "wisdom". It might in fact be less misleading to refer to the quality measured by intelligence tests not as "general intelligence", but as "abstract intelligence".

Where mental tests are used for selection, problems of definition do not arise. The demands of the job for which selection is to be made are analysed and a large battery of tests is devised which intuitively might be expected to predict successful performance on the job: the tests are administered to applicants, and in the light of their subsequent performance the combination of tests which best predicts their success is retained and the other tests are eliminated. Although this procedure can and usually does easily improve the efficiency of selection, the results are rarely of any theoretical interest. In selecting Royal Air Force rear gunners in the last war, two of the tests devised were to measure the accuracy of potential gunners firing from a gun-turret that could traverse either horizontally or both vertically and horizontally: surprisingly, and for reasons still unknown, the former test was a good predictor of subsequent performance, the latter was not. The adoption of the former test and the elimination of the latter probably saved the lives of many British airmen.

One of the most curious aspects of mental testing is that it has thrown almost no light on how the mind works: knowing that the ability to solve intellectual problems varies consistently between individuals over a wide range of problems tells us nothing about the nature of the underlying mental processes. Moreover, we have at present no idea what feature of the brain determines IQ, and the suggestions that have been made, such as the richness of connections between nerve cells or their plasticity, are purely speculative. Mental testing is in fact a subject almost devoid of scientific interest.

Even the claim that IQ is largely inherited is of less importance than at first appears. There are few human traits, from longevity to homosexuality, which are not to some extent genetically influenced. It has proved impossible to establish with certainty the exact rule of inheritance in determining IQ within Western society, though even discounting the work of the discredited Cyril Burt, there is sufficient evidence to suggest that it does exert considerable influence; this finding is hardly news, since the brain is a bodily organ and the functioning of all other organs investigated is in part determined by heredity. One of the more comic and most persistent themes running through the story of mental testing is the spectacle provided by the army of Marxist and egalitarian scientists who have attempted to propose ad hoc and implausible environmental interpretations of all the different evidence that supports the idea that IQ is heavily influenced by heredity. The main effect of this dispute has been to exaggerate both the practical and scientific importance of the issue.

Whether heredity accounts for 20 per cent or 80 per cent of the existing variation in IQ—and the correct answer is likely to lie somewhere in between—is not a question of much fundamental interest. Since the extent to which IQ is genetically determined depends both on the amount of variation in the relevant genes in a given population and on the variation in whatever environmental factors affect it, any estimate of genetic determination can only apply to a given population at a given time. Moreover, even if it were true that in Western society IQ was overwhelmingly genetically determined, this would not in itself imply that it was impossible to change an individual's IQ by suitable environmental manipulation. It has to be admitted, however, that the results of the programmes introduced in the United States to provide an enriched environment, and exceptionally good schooling for underprivileged children have been disappointing.

The importance of IQ in determining what a person makes of his life has frequently been questioned: it is, for example, a poor predictor of income. Not surprisingly, many people of high IQ are to be found in humdrum jobs, but virtually nobody of low IQ is to be found in certain prestigious occupations. There is little point in anyone who does not have an above average IQ aspiring to be a barrister, a professor, or a top civil servant. In this, as in so many other ways, life is irredeemably unfair.

Nor is it likely that there is some other intellectual faculty, such as creativity, that can compensate for low IQ and which can independently lead to outstanding achievements. The creativity tests that have been devised are unreliable in that the scores they yield correlate poorly among themselves: since they correlate as much with IQ as with one another, they may simply be a rather unreliable measure of abstract intelligence. Moreover, it is most unlikely that IQ can be significantly raised by application to scholastic work since even direct coaching on IQ tests only produces a gain of about ten IQ points. None of this is to deny that there are other factors, such as motivation, integrity, and persistence, that are important for intellectual achievement. Nevertheless, it seems likely that a high IQ is required for success in any field that requires elaborate thought, though, as Jensen notes, for comparatively routine jobs, IQ is a better predictor of a person's ability to pass through the training stage than of his ultimate success at the job itself.

With such issues Jensen's latest book is only tangentially concerned. The question on which he concentrates is whether the use of IQ tests is fair to underprivileged groups. In the vast majority of instances, it has been found that when objective tests are used for selection, the underprivileged do better than with any other method of assessment. For example, the introduction of intelligence tests in Britain in the 1920s for secondary school selection doubled the number of working-class children admitted. When, for ideological reasons, one British county dropped mental testing as a method of selection, the percentage of working-class children entering secondary school promptly dropped from 15 to 11. This result is scarcely surprising. If educational or job selection is based on interviews or recommendations, assessment is influenced by a number of extraneous factors such as the applicant's accent, deportment, cleanliness, and confidence. If it is based on previous record, the stress will be on achievement rather than potential: because of the handicap of their environment, the achievements of the underprivileged are likely to be below their potential. The main exception to the generalization that objective tests favour the underprivileged is that as compared with other methods of assessment, the use of mental tests tends to penalize black Americans, and it is to this issue that much of Jensen's book is devoted.

On average the measured IQ of the black population in the United States is 15 points below that of whites. Some of this difference can be accounted for by the fact that the average socio-economic level of blacks is below that of whites; if, however, the comparison is made between blacks and whites of the same socio-economic class, there is still an average difference of 12 IQ points. Their difference is massive: it means, for example, that a white American has about twenty times as much chance of having an IQ of 135 or above as a black American. Jensen deploys a number of arguments, many of great ingenuity, to demonstrate that the difference is not produced by the cultural bias of the tests themselves, but reflects a genuine difference in average intellectual ability.

One approach to the problem is to have people (including blacks) rate each item in an intelligence test for cultural bias, that is, they are asked to pick out those items which *prima facie* can only be correctly answered on the basis of previous knowledge which blacks might be expected to have had less opportunity of acquiring. It has been found that blacks actually tend to perform relatively worse on the items rated as culture-free

that on the culture-loaded ones. Jensen interprets this unexpected finding to mean that the culture-free items are a purer test of intelligence than are the culturally-loaded: if blacks genuinely have lower intellectual ability than whites, they would be expected to perform relatively worse on the culture-free items.

Jensen supports this interpretation by showing that if separate factor analyses are carried out on the scores of blacks and whites to reveal the extent to which performance on individual items is determined by general intelligence, blacks do relatively worse on items that are the purest measure of general intelligence. He also notes that there is a tendency for blacks to perform relatively worse on non-verbal questions (such as spotting mistakes in pictures) than on verbal ones: although the argument is not a strong one, it might have been expected that performance on verbal items would be more culturally determined than performance on non-verbal ones. If some items are particularly difficult for blacks because they have had different experiences from whites, it might be expected that the items blacks found most difficult would differ from those found most difficult by whites. In general, this appears to be nature—there is little difference in the relative difficulty of different items for blacks and whites. Finally, several attempts have been made to produce tests based on questions that are as culture-free as possible, that is, on materials that are equally familiar both to blacks and whites. Such tests reveal as large differences in black and white performance as do standard intelligence tests.

Jensen also reviews the evidence on whether factors other than the composition of the questions making up the tests could unfairly penalize blacks. He concludes that neither the race nor dialect of the test administrator affects the results nor do his expectations about the testee's probable performance.

Jensen would appear to have established the surprising and unwelcome conclusion that the poor performance of American negroes on IQ tests is in general not caused either by the way the tests are administered or by lack of specific knowledge that is a prerequisite for giving correct answers. He does not consider the question whether there is any more general difference between the background of blacks and whites that might explain the poor showing of the former. One possibility suggests itself. Most items in an IQ test are far removed from the practical business of living: they are highly abstract, and to answer them one has to enter into the spirit of the game. To anyone not used to playing such intellectual games, the questions might well seem pointless. It may be that the upbringing of American negroes prepares them less well for such intellectual games than does that of whites. This interpretation has been shown to account for much of the poor performance on intelligence tests by certain primitive communities elsewhere in the world, for example, in West Africa and the remoter regions of the USSR.

Members of such communities often do not accept the terms of the questions set and impart knowledge derived from their own experiences in answering them. For example, a member of a tribe in Liberia was set the following problem: "All people who own a house pay house tax, Belma does not pay a house tax. Does Belma own a house?". He replied: "that Belma did own a house, and when asked to justify his answer said: "Belma has a house, but is exempted from paying house tax. The government appointed Belma to collect house tax so they exempted him from paying it". It is clear that this respondent is reasoning intelligently, but is simply not accepting the conventions that in Western society govern the answering of such artificial questions: he does not isolate the question from his own knowledge of the subject matter. It has been shown that in such tribes, schooling produces a large increase in correct answers—it teaches the students to adopt a more abstract approach to intellectual conundra.

Whether the poor performance of American blacks on IQ tests can be explained in a similar way is an open question: the difference between black and white IQ is in fact not diminished by schooling to any great extent, it is, in fact, impossible to estimate at present how much of the 15-point difference between blacks and whites is genetically determined. Egalitarians may find some comfort in a study not quoted by Jensen. It has been found that there is no difference between the IQs of children fathered on German mothers by black and by white American soldiers during the occupation of Germany. Unfortunately it could be argued that it takes a negro of above average intelligence to sire a child on a white woman; moreover, the difference in IQ between white and black American soldiers is less than in the general population because the American army does not accept recruits with very low IQs.

I have considered so far the question of whether IQ tests underestimate negro intelligence. There is a second way in which mental tests could be unfair to minorities. Where tests are used for selection, they are often standardized on either a white or a mixed population. If a test underestimates the potential of a minority group, it would be expected that a member of that group would, having been selected, perform better on average than a member of the majority group obtaining the same test score. Jensen examines this issue and concludes that where there is a difference in subsequent performance between blacks and whites having the same test scores, blacks actually perform worse. If, therefore, selection is based on a test standardized either on an all-white population or on a mixed population, a given score will on average predict more successful performance for negroes than they will actually achieve. Hence, it cannot be argued that the use of mental tests in selection is unfair to individual blacks—if anything it tends to favour them.

Jensen does not attempt to pronounce on the ethics of reverse discrimination, that is, the deliberate policy of using lower criteria in selection for members of disadvantaged groups than for others. He rightly points out that this issue has nothing to do with the use of mental tests; when tests are used for selection, it is a simple matter for to use different criteria for different groups. Such a policy is bound to seem unfair to members of majority groups, and indeed several disappointed white applicants to American universities have already brought suits claiming that they have been unfairly rejected since black applicants with lower qualifications had been accepted in their place. It is impossible, no matter how we strive, to put right all the unfairness of life.

Although many will be reluctant to accept Jensen's claim that most existing mental tests are not culturally unfair, *Bias in Mental Testing* is well argued and, as far as I can judge, is an accurate and comprehensive survey of the evidence on bias. It is of limited interest in the human both because of its technicality and because of the restricted scope of the question to which it is addressed.

It is hard to know what verdict to pass on mental testing. Although Jensen has a missionary's zeal in advocating the use of tests, he is surely right in thinking that they can make the process of selection both fairer and more efficient. Properly validated tests predict success in a given job more accurately than any other method of assessment. Part of the widespread antipathy to tests may in fact be based on their very objectivity. Anyone rejected on the basis of an interview or recommendations can comfort himself with the reflection that human judgment is fallible: the fault lies not in ourselves, but in our assessors. It is more difficult to dismiss failure based on objective tests, though it could be argued that there the fault lies not in ourselves, but in our ancestors.

I have already emphasized that mental testing is an applied technology that can in itself tell us little about how the mind actually works. It has, it is true, occasionally thrown up an important problem: for example, dyslexia was identified as a specific disorder almost entirely because some children showed a large discrepancy between their scores on tests of reading and on other intelligence tests. But to understand the nature of dyslexia and to devise appropriate remedies, it is necessary to go beyond mere mental testing. In the same way, intelligence tests tell us nothing about the nature of the processes underlying problem-solving nor about how to improve intellectual capacity.

The extreme passions aroused by intelligence tests both in those on the left and in those on the right are misguided. Even if it were established that much of the difference between the average IQ of American whites and blacks was inherited, no logical implication can be drawn that reflect how the individual should be treated: the variations in IQ within a race are much greater than the variations between races and an individual's IQ cannot be determined from the colour of his skin. Moreover, as I have already noted, it is a fallacy to suppose that even if individual variations in IQ are largely generally determined, nothing can be done to raise the IQs of the underprivileged.

Perhaps the most undesirable result of mental testing is that the discovery of large IQ differences between rich and poor and between whites and blacks is likely to increase the sense of inferiority among the underprivileged. It is fortunate indeed if there is no measurable difference in the average IQ of men and women: men tend to do better on tests of spatial ability, and women on tests of verbal proficiency. With commendable prescience many test designers have often deliberately constructed their tests in such a way that the average overall scores of men and women would be equal.

However, provided a sufficient variety of questions is incorporated, tests not constructed with this outcome in mind also reveal no difference. Unfortunately, recent work has uncovered a less soothing result, namely, that although the average IQ of men and women is the same, variations in IQ is greater in men than in women. A higher percentage of men are mentally retarded and a higher percentage have very high IQ. There is considerable evidence to support the idea that this difference is genetically caused by the same kind of mechanism that results in many more men than women being "red-green colour blind".

A further undesirable consequence of mental testing is that it may have reinforced the already high premium set by Western society on abstract intelligence: there are often all other virtues in the long run, it may be the courage, integrity, kindness and wisdom (whatever that may be) are more important both to the individual and to society, but these traits are less easy to quantify.

Soul-baring situations

By Rosemary Dinnage

ANTHONY STORR:
The Art of Psychotherapy
Seeker and Warburg/Heinemann Medical Books. £7.95.
0 433 31801 5

It is not a very reassuring thought that there are people in deep trouble, painfully baring their souls to psychotherapists who are wondering: "What on earth am I supposed to do?" (Does this happen often in surgery, for instance?) In psychiatry there is no doubt that it is happening all the time, and Anthony Storr says that his book is written for the beginner who finds himself thus thrust clumsily into the inexperienced doctor in NHS psychiatry. As a beginner's manual it is sound, unpretentious, and free of jargon, and it could probably be equally useful to the GP, or to someone wondering whether to go into psychotherapy as a patient.

Storr scarcely touches on psychological theory and controversy. He starts from basics—how many chairs in the consulting room, whether to take notes; how to time appointments. Reminiscent, sometimes, of the doctor's column in Private Eye ("understanding one's own behaviour in this kind of way is sometimes called 'insight'"), he proceeds sensibly to what he believes therapy can and cannot achieve; transference and counter-transference (the reactions of patients and therapist respectively to their very close relationship); to a rough classification of neurotic disorders; and to the question of cure.

He provides just the right sparing amount of illustration from his own cases, as well as references to the afflictions of the great (Churchill, John Stuart Mill, Isaac Newton). The brief bibliographies appended to each chapter include Dorothy Parker, Proust, Isaiah Berlin, and the Bible, as well as Laing, Winnicott, Fairbairn, and Freud.

What the therapist can do for the patient, says Storr, is not to "unmask" secret musings or produce dogmatic interpretations, but to make the incomprehensible more comprehensible, find connections in what the patient says, point out discrepancies. Success in this obviously depends more on close attention, imagination, and sympathy than on theory; what the nonplussed beginner must do, therefore, is listen, remember, get interested, allow things to happen. Storr advises profoing any pronouncemante with "Perhaps . . ." or "It sounds as if . . ."—though he perhaps underestimates how powerful even these formulations can sound to the patient, and how difficult it is to avoid benign brainwashing. He has some sharp words, however, for dogmatists, "analysts who believe that their particular variety of analysis is the only true key to human understanding . . . and that all those who do not pursue this particular path are consigned to outer darkness".

He follows classical psychoanalytical principles in seeing psychotherapy as a purely verbal transaction: "the act of verbalization makes possible critical appraisal. If one can talk about an emotion, one is, at least at that moment, no longer possessed by it". There is, though, an opposite side to this coin: verbalizing can lead to detachment from good feelings as well as bad, to intellectualization and loss of spontaneity without any great change within. Storr does suggest, on Jungian lines, supplementing therapy with painting and writing; he might also have said that tears, curses, silences can be as pregnant as hours of talk, that patients may need to regress childishly or act out, that therapy which encourages the lowering of defences but disallows anything but talk can be something of a double bind. But these are perhaps questions for the A level rather than the O level course.

Storr takes the conventional line, also, in his chapters distinguishing hysterical, depressive, obsessional, and schizoid personality types. These ways of classifying have some validity (though there might be other ways: patients who feel now that they exist and those who don't, for instance), but therapists will surely find many people a confusing mixture of categories. He also endorses the classical Freudian rule of silence about his own mysterious life, which supposedly enables the patient to paint fantasies on to a blank canvas.

He quotes on occasion when a patient who was plagued by masturbatory fantasies asked for (Storr) whether he was going to masturbate; he said "yes", and the patient used no more back. I am sure there are also patients who never come back when they receive an evasive analytic cliché instead of a genuinely needed straight answer. Like drugs, therapeutic techniques have side-effects, and they can produce a whole new state of mystification.

These counter-arguments are not a criticism of Storr's book, for he is writing for beginners and does not want to confuse issues; they might, however, be among the queries those beginners would want to raise after a time, if they had open minds. (Storr is quite firm about keeping minds open: some professional "carers", he says, make therapeutic work a substitute for living and so no longer even tell whether they like or dislike a person in ordinary life.) Though the book inevitably skims over chasms of controversy and cites rules that can surely be successfully broken by the experienced, it succeeds in the most important respect—attributing real dignity to the patient, and yet finds himself sold short on the idea of respect: Storr shows for patients he should change his therapist.

Of magisterial stature

By C. H. Sisson

HUMPHREY CARPENTER:
Jesus
102pp. 0 19 283016 3

A. J. AYER:
Hume
102pp. 0 19 287528 0

ALAN KRAILSHEIMER:
Pascal
84pp. 0 19 287512 4

PETER SINGER:
Marx
82pp. 0 19 287510 8

ANTHONY KENNY:
Aquinas
81pp. 0 19 287500 0
£3.50 each (Paperback, 95p).
Oxford University Press.

Fifty years ago there was Benn's Sixpenny Library, the volumes in uniform orange paper cover, sewn, about eighty pages 6½in by 4in—one could not dream of measuring them in centimetres. The type was clear and elegant, the paper—well, not exactly fine, but better than any paperback publisher could now afford. Times and the appearances of things have changed. We now have the new Oxford series of Past Masters, with titles in two colours on a black background from which the portrait of the Master in question looks whitely, in a pattern of squares, as if he were looking through the glass of a shower. Shiny of course, with the author and title repeated with commendable clarity on the spine. About eighty pages, slightly larger than Benn's. Price 95p, in paperback.

It is no criticism of Oxford University Press, who have made a good job of the production (by current standards), to say that the new series belongs to a more taxing age than that to a more expansive world. It would be interesting to know the print runs required to assure the survival of Benn and the Past Masters respectively; the Sixpenny Library, however, can hardly have been a notorious place of elitism. A single specimen is all that remains on my shelves, although before the war a labourer on a wage of £2 10s could have acquired a whole hundred of the series in a week, if he had been prepared to forgo food, drink, shelter, and all the necessaries of life, and might without hardship have acquired a hundred in the course of a year. Had I been willing to forgo all these necessaries, when I started my first job, at an admittedly excellent salary of £300 a year, I could probably have bought the whole long series in a week.

Those are vulgar details. Are the two series really comparable? The first the Past Masters are certainly respectable: the volume on *Dante* by George Holmes will be reviewed separately in a subsequent issue of the *TLS*), and the twenty-seven further titles announced as "forthcoming" contain much hopeful matter. We are to have Augustine by Henry Chadwick, *Bacon* by Anthony Quinton, and *Tolstoy* by Henry Gifford, to mention only three. The Benn Library had *Dante* by Cesare Bellanco, *Shakespeare* by G. B. Harrison (the OUP promise us Germaine Greer on this subject) *Oliver Cromwell* by Hilaire Belloc—a touch of panache about this last title, he doubt. But the Benn was not a series of "Masters"; it was just a "Library". Most of the subjects were general.

The description the publishers give of the Past Masters is "A new series of short, readable books on leading intellectual figures of the past, in which authorities on these thinkers explain their ideas, why they were original, and how they influence the way we think today". The conception of "the way we think today" with its suggestion of a whole population of think-persons—or perhaps merely of a nameless mass all operating on certain assumptions, as inevitably for the most part we do—is more intelligible in relation to some of our "masters" than to others. Marx, certainly; Jesus, yes: there are stretches in our pattern of prejudices, in our mental reflections, which would be widely recognized as owing more or less to those historical figures. Whether this is because they are "intellectual figures", in the sense in which Hume, Aquinas and Pascal are intellectual figures, must be more doubtful. What has swept Marx through our consciousness and keeps him eddying there is certainly something different in character from his critique of Hegel, or indeed his other intellectual excursions, as he would have been among the first to recognize. There is a whole complex of historical and current phenomena which keeps him in mind, and one merit of a study of "Marx", that court, is that it helps one to make a dissection between the German gentleman living in Hampstead who sent his daughters to an academy for young ladies and visited fashionable Continental spas, and the appeals which are now made in his name from Moscow to Mozambique and round the world to Moscow again.

With Jesus, who "did not write any books", as Humphrey Carpenter disarmingly admits, the problem is even worse. What is he apart from his consequences—or alleged consequences, for in two thousand years the tangle has grown too thick for anyone to separate out the intellectual contribution of a certain Galilean? "Even unbelievers may argue that he was not an 'intellectual figure' at all". So anyone might, if he thinks of Huma or Professor Ayer. There was, of course, Socrates—that yet on the list but surely an "intellectual figure"—who did not write books either, but even he would be difficult to set in a series beside Plato and other writing men whose works purport to represent him. There is perhaps a difficulty about setting "intellectual figures" primarily within the framework of their own personalities as "masters", rather than within the frame of the phase of intellectual and general history in which they have most meaning.

Carpenter does his best with this intractable problem. His essay sets out to examine the teaching of Jesus "in some detail, and tries to determine the character of that teaching by comparing it with the teaching of Jesus's contemporaries". It also attempts to "give an account of modern historians' and theologians' views of Jesus and of the Gospels in which his life is recorded". This is a kind of historical essay, keeping as clear as may be of "the theological presuppositions of Christianity". No doubt these precautions were necessary to put the subject in a proper perspective of intellectual democracy. The result is inevitably a certain thinness of treatment. A book mainly concerned with "the ideas of Jesus" can only point to a moralist, and the final plea that "he was not just a moral teacher. . . . His appeal was just as much charismatic as intellectual" is rather a faint gesture towards "the supreme Jew who was crucified for us on earth", as Dante had it. "Indeed et certain perleds in the Church's history it can be said that the followers of Jesus drastically misinterpreted his teaching or overlaid them with views of their own". It could be that this is one of those periods; perhaps there is not any other kind.

Yet such difficulties are not confined to the supreme Jew, and men for whom the claims made are infinitely more intelligible to the twentieth century are dismissed from us by webs of ideas and circumstances which surround them and us respectively. It is this which makes the reviewer of these books an figures from different times and places a little dizzy. The polymath editor of the series, Keith Thomas, must be supposed to have extraordinary digestive capacities, and to be able to take a series of discordant meals without wincing. But the practical *raison d'être* of such a series as this must be to ease into the hands of booksellers, understandably cautious of subjects which are not everybody's cup of tea, a string of essays of some intellectual quality, so that they may be found by odd readers who, at the moment of picking up this or that volume, are predisposed towards it by some prior knowledge or interest of their own—or perhaps by the requirements of a syllabus. It is to the credit of the editor and publishers that one can consider readily imagine a class of reader who will wolf the lot—and not only because of the subject, but the treatment. If Humphrey Carpenter—understandably, in view of his impossible subject—seems to be groping for a common reader of more curiosity than information, Professor Ayer is addressing an audience who are expected to come to grips with the puzzles of Hume's philosophy. He gives us the text of his four Gifford Ryle lectures delivered at Trent University, Ontario, last year, with the addition of a short biographical chapter for which he confesses the inevitable debt to Ernest E. Mossner's excellent *Life of Hume*.

What we have in this volume is a long essay—or four short essays—on various aspects of Hume's philosophy, of a quality such that they should be read by anyone interested in Hume or in Professor Ayer. Hume can be made out to be comically inconsistent, and in a sense he was, though Professor Ayer is hardly the man for the comedy. He rather goes along with Adam Smith's praise of his comfortable friend as "approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit". There may not be exactly a temperamental affinity between Professor Ayer and his subject, but they share the same line of prejudice; we all have same. The fact that Professor Ayer has less admiration for Berkeley than Hume had, and that he enjoys passing sallies against God and A. D. Lindsay, give the clues. The substantial matter of the lectures is an extension of Hume's inconsistencies, of which Professor Ayer is highly conscious. The "fleeting impressions" which make the external world so unreliable, the failure to find "persistent selves" which would send both subject and lecturer up in smoke, are discounted in favour of more commonsensical conceptions to which both Hume himself—after the metaphysical agonies of his inventive youth—and Professor Ayer, are temperamentally more inclined. The performance is an accomplished one. "It is possible", Professor Ayer claims, "to elicit from Hume's line of reasoning a theory of perception which does not dissolve into scepticism", and this is the drift of his argument: to use Hume's arguments to reassure us all. He develops a "theory of manifest objects" to reconcile "Hume's vulgar and philosophical systems", and if he does not entirely succeed in exercising the young man biting his nails at La Flèche, the process is instructive. The proposition Hume wished to advance, he says, "was not so much that the operations of bodies are strictly regulated as that there is no dislocation in this respect between body and mind".

The value of the book on Pascal is of a different kind. Alban Krailsheimer who, as the translator of the *Pensées* and the *Lettres Provinciales* for Penguin, must be supposed both to be an familiar terms with his author and to have the general reader in mind, has produced an essay which will be of interest to the many who have read or dipped into either of Pascal's famous works without knowing much about the author. This volume not only gives an outline of Pascal's life, but a lucid brief account of his scientific and technological work. Pascal's calculating machine and his bus service are manifestations of the mind of the author of the *Pensées*, who wrote, "We must make no mistake about ourselves: we are as much automaton as mind". And the pride of the mathematician, the arrogance which Pascal's "proof" close explints as a boy had made his besetting sin", are certainly not irrelevant to his theological speculations; Pascal was, like the rest of us, the victim of the sort of mind he had. "Let no one say that I have said nothing new". Alban Krailsheimer quotes from the *Pensées*; "the arrangement of the material is new. In playing tennis both players use the same ball, but one plays better". Perhaps it is this technical interest which accounts for the popularity of the *Pensées* in our time being much greater than might have been expected for the work of a devout, rather bleak intellectual.

With *Marx* we come to a world of real popularity, and one imagines Peter Singer's volume being reprinted to satisfy the curiosity of thousands of young people who think they ought to know who Marx was and of thousands of their elders who think they ought to have found out before. "All I know is, I am not a Marxist", as Engels reports this Master to have said—and how one sympathizes with him! On the other hand, the vast rebarbative works of Marx are much less read than talked about, and there is certainly a place for this short and assimilable non-Marxist study, which tells the reader something about the man, his more original insights, some of his more erroneous prognostications, and gives a guide to further reading. Of course no one supposes that Marx can now be put back in his box but—politics apart, as we are not allowed to say—it is not for the intellectual health of the age that distance should lead too much enchantment to the view we have of him. There is matter for endless—and profitable—reflection on the principle of the resolution of theoretical problems by practical activity; on the other hand some of the master's conceptions are, alas, at once silly and of wide appeal—such is the notion that "we are not free because we do not control our own society", with the idiotic implication that one might do just that. The real rat in Marx goes back to Hegel, and in a sense his materialism merely balances Hegel's outrageous emphasis on Mind. There is also the general weakness of a certain phase of German philosophy—and some would say, of the German language itself—for hurling around great conceptual lumps and preferring them to the evidence before one's nose. Now everybody who can't rub two sticks together to make a fire talks about "class" and "society" and "historical processes" as if they knew what they meant. As for the extraordinary delusion that there is something peculiarly scientific about Marx or Marxism, this perhaps owes something to the bewhiskered nineteenth-century success of the ambiguous word *Wissenschaft*.

If there is among the first diverse essays one which might be a model for the series it is Anthony Kenny's *Aquinas*. There is an opening chapter on the "Life" which tells us something about the works in order of composition as well as giving the bare personal and historical details. This section also makes the point that Aquinas incorporated some Aristotelian features "so successfully into his synthesis that some of his later Catholic admirers they seemed home-grown features of Christianity". We are reminded that the adoption of Aquinas as "one of the official theologian of the whole Roman Catholic Church" was a nineteenth-century venture, like the declaration of papal infallibility, and that it was in 1879 that twenty-four Thomistic principles "were listed as safe and reliable to teach in Catholic schools".

It is, naturally, from a more open-minded point of view that Anthony Kenny approaches his subject. He is concerned with Aquinas as a philosopher and devotes his exposition in the main to "the major concepts of Aquinas's metaphysical system". There is a discussion of the doctrine of being, "one of the most famous, but also the most over-rated, elements in his philosophy", and another of the "philosophy of mind, which is less well known but far more rewarding to study"—mild leads to the question "What makes a thought A's thought?" Anthony Kenny thinks with Wittgenstein that "it is not the answers which Aquinas gives, but the questions he asks, which are the measure" of Aquinas's philosophical gifts. The book is an area closely-packed and lucid, and engagingly finds room to refer to St Thomas's invention of the limerick—naturally inadvertent, for St Thomas was an absent-minded man—and even to quote the Latin text in full in a footnote.

The Past Masters have certainly made a good start. Each volume has an index and select bibliography. If one may fault the editorial procedures on a small matter: is it not an unnecessary bit of academic mimicry to ask the reader to hear with *PLs* scattered through an essay on Pascal, for *Lettres Provinciales*, or *Inf.*, *Purg* and *Para*, to say nothing of *Mon*, in an essay on Dante? Need the "List of Abbreviations" take over so thoroughly?

Modernizing Mansion

By Peter Rickard

J. E. MANSION (Editor):
Harrap's New Standard French and English Dictionary
Volume 3, English-French A to K
Volume 4, English-French L to Z
Revised and edited by D. M. and R. P. L. Ledésert
Unnumbered pages. Harrap. £17.50 each.
0 245 51859 2 0 245 51860 6

The first edition of the English-French part of Harrap's *Standard French Dictionary*, by J. E. Mansion, appeared in 1939. The three supplements which have appeared since then could be regarded at once as palliatives and as by-products of the preparation, already in train at the time, of the greatly revised and expanded edition which has now appeared. Like Volumes 1 and 2 (French-English), which appeared in 1972, it is the work of René and Margaret Ledésert, with a team of consultants and helpers. If it has fewer pages than the first edition (about 1,350 as against about 1,500), that is more than outweighed by the fact that there are now three columns per page, and no longer two; by the more compact layout which has been adopted; and by the use of initials whenever, in examples, the word being illustrated has the same form as it has as head-word.

It is claimed that there is as much as 60 per cent of new material. A great many articles have been substantially overhauled and rewritten, and a very large number of new head-words have been introduced, taking account of most, though inevitably not all of those innovations which there have been in English vocabulary and idiom since 1939. Articles on tourist transport and on aviation, obviously needed to be greatly expanded, while space travel, electronics, data-processing and nuclear energy were just a few of the numerous new areas which had to be covered. For all such innovations, suitable French equivalents had to be found.

The English of the United States (*U.S.*) and Canada (*Can.*) (marked *N. Am.* when usage is the same in both countries), of Australia (*Austr.*) and South Africa (*S.Af.*) is normally marked as such, though one may wonder whether "to put on dog" (*sv.* "dog"), which lacks any such restrictive sign, belongs in British English. Levels of style and register, which the reader would be well advised to heed, are suggested by the use of such abbreviations as *pej.*, *fig.*, *P* ("uneducated speech and slang"), *F* ("colloquial"), *A* ("archaic")/"absolete"), *O* ("obsolescent"); while those terms and uses which are confined to the technical language of a large number of arts and sciences are clearly marked as such. The method of phonetic notation used throughout, based on the IPA as revised by Gimson, but with a few modifications, is simply illustrated in the preliminaries. At the end of Volume 4 there is an excellent and extremely up-to-date list of English abbreviations, revised in English and provided with French equivalents.

All dictionary-making involves compromise and simplification in the struggle with the daunting complexities of language and the infinite combinations which it not only admits of, but imposes. The lexicographer wants to be helpful, so he provides mini-contexts (on the basis of statistical observation and his own feeling for language) in which the head-word is combined with other words deemed particularly likely to occur in proximity to it. The theoretically infinite combinations of words are, of course, likely to be grently reduced in practice as soon as one takes a particular word as one's starting-point, i.e. as head-word. There are, for instance, large numbers of adjectives which could not conceivably, save in the outer fringes of surrealism or in the imagination of a Chomsky, be applied to certain nouns.

There may nevertheless still be enough potential qualifiers left to embarrass the lexicographer. Given that one of the meanings of the English substantive "rate" can be rendered in French by *taux*, how many different and presumed useful combinations involving "rate" or *taux* can he afford to provide? And if "bank rate", "exchange rate", "growth rate", and "rate of expansion" are to be given under "rate", where they are unhandsomely useful, should "rate" be given under "bank", "exchange", "growth" and "expansion"? Even a substantial dictionary like the present one can hardly afford this luxury, and the reader should be prepared if necessary to look in more than one place. Thus "house arrest" comes under "arrest", and "house" and "tax evasion" under "evasion", not "tax".

One cannot but admire the extraordinary amount of well-arranged information which the new dictionary has to offer. Complex articles (and there are many of these) are broken down in such a way as to show up the different uses of the head-word and the most frequent lexical and grammatical combinations in which it occurs—grammatical, for though there is no room in a dictionary for the explicit formulation of grammatical rules, a great deal of relevant grammatical information is conveyed by careful choice of example: see in particular such awkward verbs as "to remind", "to insist", and "to depend". Synonyms, or alleged synonyms, are always a problem, since there is no room for definitional explanations in a work of this kind. Thus the difference, say, "silence", between *silence* and *mutisme* has to emerge from the examples given, and it is hoped that the reader will take the hint, or, if he still needs more information, that he will look up *silence* and *mutisme* in the French-English section, for further examples of use. If that fails he will have to consult a specialized dictionary of French synonyms for French people.

No dictionary is ever complete, or totally up-to-date, and there is even a point beyond which additional information becomes misleading. For example, when confronted with the need to render a perfectly neutral English word, it is not only unnecessary, it is dangerous, to produce French "equivalents" which are vivid, striking and, in a sense, too original. The present editors have realized that "to go home", for instance, does not call imperiously for *réintégrer ses pénates*; that possibility is best left to a French-English dictionary. "Traffic warden" (sv. "warden") calls for a suitably neutral term, and gets it in the shape of *contractuel/contractuelle*. Only if, for example, "motor maid" had been given, sv. "motor" or "maid" (and it is not) would there have been a case for giving the *nubargine* of yesterday or the *nervenche* of today. On the other hand the entry "air traffic controller" (sv. "air"), in addition to a neutral technical equivalent, does offer the more image and colloquial *aiguilleur du ciel*.

Inevitably, other possibilities spring to mind here and there as one browses through the *New Standard Harrap*. Thus, where the English head-word already strikes a colloquial or even a popular note, some additional or alternative equivalents may suggest themselves, e.g., "buzz off!" *dégagez!*, *barre-toi!*; "bird" (= "girl") and "chick" (*U.S.A. slang*); "bugus" (adj) *bidon*; "give over" (sv. "give"), *laisse tomber!*; "gang" (= "mob") *crochet*; "kick" (*N.Am.*) *remboursement*; "hideout" *planque*; "to be high" on drugs" (sv. "high") *planer*; "on the run" (sv. "run") (of a criminal) *en cavale*; "screw" (= prison officer) *maton*; while the American "can of worms" (sv. "can") perhaps calls for *mettre le problème difficile à résoudre*.

Occasionally, on item which should be included is missing. "Boum" (= long pole for microphone) perche is given, but no "boom operator", which is perhaps only, for those who are embarrassed that *perchiste* should also mean a pole-vaulter, the Franglais term *perchman*. "Elite" and "elitism" are given, but not "elitist" (*élitiste*). "Preconditions" (*prémisses*) would have been worth including. It is a pity that "to come up against" is *heurter à* (entire has been omitted from the otherwise admirable article "to come").

The following are suggested, not necessarily as substitutes, but as possible additions to the equivalents given in the following cases: "applicant" *postulant*; "at bat" (sv. "bat") *dans le milieu du cas*; "conduction" *mixte*; "to mean oneself" *déroger*; "dim-witted" *dit* "dirty old man" (or "dirty") *vieux satyre*; "disappointment" *désentiment*; "hang on" (flags) (sv. "hang" and/or "flag") *pavoiser* used absolutely; "to take a fresh look at" (sv. "fresh" and/or "look") *regarder d'un œil neuf*; "go-ahead" (adj) *dynamique*; "gunboat" *canonnière*; "improvement" *mesures ameliorées*; "to column task" (sv. "Hercules" and/or "task") *travail de Romain*; "insubstantial" (also "unsubstantial") *inconsistant*; "jam to murrow" (sv. "jam") *demeurer en rasern gratis*; "larkey" (sc. of the Street, imperialism, etc) *rien*; "largely" *pour une bonne part*; "miscellaneous" *fourre-tout* (adjectively); "nifling" *parasite*; "pocket" (sc. of resistance) *poche*; "rebel" *farte tête*; "reasonable" (sc. price) *modique*; "rhetorical" (sc. question) *oratoire*; "sober as a judge" (sv. "sober") *sobre comme un chameau*; "a good sort" (sv. "sort") *une bonne pâte*; "to be back at square one" (sv. "square") *revenir à la case départ*; "to drum" *vedettariat*; "strong-arm tactics" (sv. "strong-arm") *méthodes musclés*; "third-rate" *de troisième zoup*; "timeless" *atemporel*; "uninhibited" *sans ses plexes*; "wholehearted" (sc. supporter) *inconditionnel* (also adv.).

Seldom indeed can the informed reviewer be said to be definitely misleading; a rare case must be the rendering of "South Africa" by *l'Afrique australe*, when it is *Southern* Africa which is in question—*australe* is generally given as feminine. "Sequin" = *sequin* is misleading because the French word corresponds only to one—the less common—of the two meanings the English word possesses. Misprints are quite exceptionally rare: it is unfortunate that the imperfect tense of *désobéir*, sv. "justify", appears as *désobéissait*.

Such minor criticisms and further suggestions as these, however, do not alter the fact that the *New Standard Harrap* is an exceptionally thorough, reliable and literate English-French dictionary which will be indispensable to students and specialists alike for a very long time.

INDEX OF ENGLISH LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS

VOLUME 1, 1450-1625

PARTS 1 AND 2

COMPILED BY PETER BEAL

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Mansell

3 BLOOMSBURY PLACE LONDON WC1A 2QA ENGLAND

An Absence of Flowers

'They're over yow' : the flower-shop woman glowers
'Blue hyacinths. Been gone since Christmas, sir'.
And suddenly the flowers are only flowers
As empty-headed through the rainy blur

I walk. The whole town's florists are agreed
Blue hyacinths disappeared weeks ago.
Flowers have their season as the heart its need
But each preserves its single, separate flow.

So when you climb those narrow stairs tonight
As I fly westward, sunword, you'll not see
The gathered darkness blossom into light
The corner where my hyacinths would be.

But absence blooms and colours all the mind
With blue of hyacinths I could not find.

Gamini Salgado

At home with the hardware

By L. D. Burnard

ROBERT L. OAKMAN:
Computer Methods for Literary Research
235pp. University of South Carolina Press. $14.95.
0 87249 381 4

SUSAN HOCKEY:
A Guide to Computer Applications in the Humanities
248pp. Duckworth. £28 (paperback £8.50).
0 7156 1315 4 (0 7156 1315 3)

The first agreeable discovery which the literary scholar makes when facsimile-terminal with the computer of which popular culture makes so much is just how stupid the brute actually is. If you want it to search a text for words about colour, you have to tell it not only that "blue" and "green" are both relevant but also that "blue" and "Blue" are (probably) the same word, and indeed just what a "ford" is. Its literal-mindedness and its inability to originate instructions are perhaps a less agreeable discovery. If told to achieve your ends by inappropriate means, it is incapable of improving on them. Programming becomes the art of decking out the mindlessness of this automaton with the semblance of sanity, a task requiring logic and ingenuity, but also imagination. However, neither of these two books is directly concerned with programming, though Robert Oakman's does include a somewhat unreliable chapter on the subject, containing much that is guaranteed to raise a sneer among computer scientists. As Susan Hockey points out, programming is no longer necessary for the majority of literary applications, given the existence of easily used utility programs or packages at most major centres. Perhaps the third discovery that the novice in the art of literary computing always makes is that it has all been done before. The reinvention of the wheel, and its proud presentation at international symposia, is a familiar event.

That two authors, both eminent in the field, should have independently decided to publish what is substantially the same book at the same time is perhaps symptomatic of this. Of course, there are differences in style and emphasis (and a gross disparity in cost) between Mrs Hockey's book and Professor Oakman's, but by and large they both cover the same ground, reach the same conclusions and balk at the same hurdles. This is perhaps inevitable, because fifteen years (roughly the period of activity covered by both), though an aeon in the history of computing, is but the twinkling of an eye in the history of literary studies. The ground is a gentle introduction to what computers are, not quite at the level of "See the Computer. It has flashing lights on" (but perilously near it), and a panoramic survey of the uses to which they have been put in such fields as lexicography, indexing, and textual information retrieval and stylistic analysis. The conclusions are, predictably, that computers are basically a Good Thing, and getting better all the time. The hurdles balked at are, on the one hand, a proper critical perspective from which to view achievements in this curious hybrid field and on the other a proper understanding of the wider areas of computing expertise to which much of what is reported on here is tangential.

Mrs Hockey's brisk pragmatism comes perhaps a little closer to establishing a critical perspective than Professor Oakman's comprehensively discursive and historical narrative. Her book is addressed more to the sorcerer's apprentice where his seems to be aimed at a convention of sorcerers. Both include bibliographies (to which all computer-related studies are much addicted) but Hockey's is highly selective and closely topic-related, where Oakman's, though well-annotated, is ten exhaustive and out of date to benefit the apprentice. A cut-off date of 1976 simply will not do for a volume published in 1980. Hockey also includes useful glossaries of computer jargon and acronyms, in which a touch of dry humour is just perceptible ("System—A general term for almost everything connected with the computer"). On more serious matters she remains ruthlessly pedagogic. When introducing punch cards, for instance, Oakman explains that the code used for the holes punched in them is named after Herman Hollerith, whereas Hockey gives us their dimensions and warns us that different machines use different codes.

A less revealing difference of emphasis (except perhaps of the authors' respective cost-systems) is that for Oakman the chief problem with the use of punch cards is that "they often become mangled because of moisture absorption", whereas for Hockey it is that "they occupy a lot of room for storage". Both authors cover the same well-worn ground in their presentation of computer peripherals. It is surely unnecessary in the 1980s to introduce a device consisting of a keyboard and an electronic display screen as if it were some arcane and exotic piece of machinery. Of more use, and conspicuous by its absence from both texts, would have been some account of the perils and privileges of "personal computing", as it is known in the trade. The computing milieu which both authors assume is that of the University Computing Centre, where a large main frame is shared among many different users; an assumption which becomes increasingly unrealistic as computers get cheaper (so as cheap computers get more powerful). The scholar curious to know whether his business friends' PET or APPLE will be of any use to him, the Department buying its own mini, will alike look in vain for guidance here, even as to the right questions to ask. Neither book for instance explains such concepts as virtual memory or why the fact that one computer is "smaller" than another does not just mean that it takes up less room.

These technical preliminaries disposed of, both authors settle down to surveying the varyingly solid achievements of scholars who have succumbed to the lure of the computer. On many topics there is little to choose between them. Both begin by considering the making of concordances (which has also recently been the subject of a valuable monograph by Ivor Howard-Hill), both making the oft-repeated, oft-ignored, point that a computer-generated concordance is as crude or as subtle as its editor makes it. The fact that correct lemmatization and disambiguation of homographs cannot be performed automatically should not obsolve the editor from the responsibility of attempting them manually, but neither Hockey nor Oakman (nor indeed many of those who publish concordances today) appear to attach as much importance to this as they do to detailing the various formats in which contexts may be printed or to debating earnestly whether or not high frequency words should be included. Oakman, following Raben, speculates that the days of the printed concordance are numbered—when we all have our computer terminals we will perform ad hoc inquiries of a computer-held text instead of browsing through fuddy-duddy old-but places of paper with ink on them. «This is a consummation to be wished for, if the alternative is the unusable mountain of badly reproduced line printer output of some American university presses.

On the topic of textual editing techniques and collation algorithms in particular, both our authors appear to be copying from the same source. This is either simple parochialism or more probably a reflection of the fact that textual scholars are less willing to admit to using computers than they might be. If either of the present books does no more than make such scholars realize that the computer can actually save them time and trouble, by preserving a version of their copy text which the cat cannot jump on nor ink be split over, which is infinitely flexible and editable and from which a Real Book can be produced with no more exotic an intermediary than magnetic tape, then both authors will have accomplished much. Like lexicography (vide much projects as the Toronto Dictionary of Old English) textual editing is an excellent instance of a field where the computer can simplify and improve the performance of a mindless chore on which human intelligence would be wasted.

Computer applications in the fields of stylistic and morphological analysis are perhaps of more dubious value. Apart from a polite nod in the end of one of Mrs Hockey's chapters, the work of computational linguists in narrowing the gap between natural and artificial intelligence has been largely ignored by workers in the fields covered by these books. Consequently "stylistic" analysis remains in practice morphological only, despite sporadic outbursts in the literature against the "New Criticism" mentality which computer-based stylistics embody. In nearly all the work covered here (though again Mrs Hockey makes a gesture in the direction of recognizing the value of the collocation analyses which characterize some recent French work), the mere counting of words, syntactic or phonetic items is regarded as an adequate means of characterizing style. The evidence that (say) the distribution of high frequency vocabulary tokens has a unique relationship with some particular author remains debatable. Such evidence as exists is inevitably statistical and humanists being even more likely to be misled by statistics (than by computers) Mrs Hockey devotes the bulk of her chapter on this topic to a brisk introduction to such mysteries as the arithmetic mean, the standard deviation and the chi square test. She does not, in my view, lay enough stress on the fact that even real statisticians are unable to agree on such fundamentals as the nature of the frequency distribution of vocabulary items within a text, which invalidates well over half of the studies reported each year. One feels happier with mechanical analyses of style which attempt only to quantify observed or suspected characteristics of vocabulary, though (as Oakman points out) one hardly needs a computer to distinguish between romance and novel. Even here there is a danger (typified in the uncritical way Dolman discusses the uses made of the General Inquirer package) of forgetting that the act of criticism is about far more than the words on the page, which are all that the computer has been used to analyse.

To the vast majority of computer users the topics discussed so far will appear extremely esoteric. When the terms "Information retrieval" and "database" crop up, however, they might be forgiven for thinking they were on familiar ground. After all, computing literature proper has been discussing little else for the past few years. Alas, very little of the discussion seems to have been noticed by literary scholars. To do her justice, Mrs Hockey has heard of database management systems, and even mentions one of the more successful as being possibly useful. Nevertheless, like Professor Oakman, she still clearly thinks of data as being held and processed within a computer as if it were organized in large filing cabinets, through which efficient electronic nymphs riffle to retrieve punched cards one at a time. Without wishing to belittle such achievements as Schneider's London Stage databank, the fact of the matter is that computing technology has now moved beyond such a self-image. Literary computing will not come of age until it recognizes this fact and adopts the new tools of data analysis and data modelling to its own ends.

The Science of Music in Britain, 1714-1830: a Catalogue, by Jamie Croy Kassler, has recently been published in two volumes (1,401pp. New York: Garland Publishing. $100. 0 8240 9894 3). Mr Kassler's intention is "to display the historical integrity of the science of music" in the period, and he considers his subject from four aspects—the technical, the mathematical, the critical and the physical. He has not covered the "general areas of sacred and theatrical music and the specific subjects of singing, playing on wind and stringed instruments and voice production". After a short introductory essay the catalogue begins with Rudolph Ackermann's work on the regulator and balance regulator and goes through to Zeteres's plan for a museum. The entries are all well annotated. Many of the items touch only marginally on the subject of music (such as Defoe's *Augusta Triumphans*), but the collection is continually intriguing. There is a thorough index to the whole work.

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An appendix containing a list of titles of anonymous (or disputed) authorship—such as the *Epitome de Caesaribus*, the *Alexander Romance*, and the *Historia Augusta*—refers back to the entry or entries under which information on such works may be found. A second appendix provides a chronological list of the authors by century. xvi, 492p. pors. 1979. $30

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Departing from the norm

By Martin Harris

L. C. HARMER :
Uncertainties in French Grammar
Edited by P. Rickard and T. G. S. Combe.
471pp. Cambridge University Press. £30.
0 521 22233 8

L. C. Harmer's *Uncertainties in French Grammar* has to have been the first volume of a series entitled "The Analysis of French", intended to make available the material which he had collected over a lifetime of painstaking and scholarly study of the morphology and syntax of French. The present volume, edited by two of his former colleagues, he saw as a revised and expanded version of the first chapter of his earlier work *The French Language Today* (1954), with subsequent volumes following a similar pattern; as a result of Professor Harmer's untimely death, there is at least the possibility that the remainder of his vast collection of material, which he presented with such enthusiasm during his years as Drapers Professor of French at Cambridge, may never see the light of day.

The work falls into five sections of unequal length. A relatively brief chapter considers the generally held view that the French are, as a nation, particularly interested in their language in all its aspects, and concludes that, at least among the more educated classes, this is indeed the case. From this, it follows, in Harmer's view, that one would expect clear and consistent grammatical rules, commanding some considerable degree of respect, "from writer to man in street"; instead, "the way they treat their mother tongue can only too frequently be described as cavalier". Whether knowledgeable interest in and respect for one's native language should ideally be reflected in the way Harmer suggests is debatable; that they are not in fact so reflected is amply demonstrated by the current state of the language, whose uncertainties and inconsistencies the present work further highlights.

The second and third chapters deal with areas of morphological and syntactic uncertainty in contemporary French. The perspective adopted is essentially normative, with "aberrant" forms and constructions surveyed from both a historical and—where vacillation is still in evidence—a descriptive point of view.

A long section is devoted, for example, to the morphology of the verb *tenir*, while other more "central" topics include discussion of the forms of the present subjunctive of *avoir* and *être*, and the confusion often found between the forms of the past anterior and those of the pluperfect subjunctive. Chapter Three, much more substantial, covers such areas as participial accord, the uses of relatives and strongly related participles and gerunds, with a great many examples illustrating the fluctuations of the contemporary language; or, as Harmer would put it, numerous examples of "violations of rules" or "aberrance and inelegance".

The core of the work lies in Chapter Four, an extremely detailed study of the syntax of the partitive article. A review such as this cannot hope even to summarize either its coverage or its conclusions; suffice it to say that this chapter reaches the ultimate limits of the methodology which Harmer adopts. An astonishing variety of illustrations and what must surely be an exhaustive survey of the views of other scholars and grammarians, culminates in a lengthy analysis of recent trends in usage, again overwhelmingly documented with examples from all styles and linguistic registers. There can henceforth be little doubt as to what has happened or is happening in this important area of French syntax.

A final short chapter deals with the influence which grammarians themselves have had on the current state of the language and on the inconsistencies which continue to exist. In general, grammarians are seen by Harmer as being in no small measure responsible for contemporary uncertainties. The conclusion to Chapter Four may be taken as a summary of his own standpoint: "usage, as regards even ordinary constructions of everyday occurrence, in both the written and the spoken language, has still not necessarily been adequately stabilized—and this, despite the grammarians' ministrations over a period of more than four hundred years."

This handsomely produced book contains a huge amount of documentation for the French linguist. The reader will form his own opinion on Harmer's fundamental view that linguistic order and conformity are necessarily beneficial; whatever that opinion may be, the work will stand in its own right as a monument of traditional scholarship.

A French/English bilingual edition of the *World List of Universities 1979-1981* has recently been published (693pp. Macmillan, £25. 0 333 26771 0). It lists all the universities and other institutions of higher education, including teacher training establishments, in each country. One learns, also, that the universities of Tuzla, New Zealand, Italy, and Israel share the distinction of having the longest long vacations—about four months.

Specific kinds

By Eric Korn

LUIGI ROMEO :
Rose Homo !
A Lexicon of Man
163pp. Amsterdam: John Benjamins. Dfl 35.
90 272 2006 9.

"HOMO NATUS DE MULIERE (originally, a term reminding man of his existence as a consequence of his transitional life on earth. Nowadays, it carries several meanings, including both a person resigned to his destiny, in one who stresses an absurd process of thought."

In both, Luigi Romeo's catalogue of the adjectival attributes of Man is modestly described as "basically a reference tool of orientation for anyone interested in the achievements of Homo". It lists nearly a thousand flavours from "HOMO ABJECTUS see *Homo abjectus*" to fatuous and time-setting pedantry, since HOMO ANJECTUS is the very next entry; to HOMO WAIGAKOSSIS (linguistically cross-referenced). For bad reasons only Latin names are listed, so Superman and Seldon Man, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, *luftmensch* and *lichnip chelovek* are all excluded; the important Cartesian notion of *l'homme machine* only gets in because someone has recently latinized it; Cartesian man himself does not make it.

It is curious to see a listing of the ways in which man's humanity has been defined by those who think "sapiens" is immaterial or irrelevant: *homo faber*, *homo ludens*, *homo unguis*, *homo triplex*, *homo vitae in lipio* (Crossroads Man), *homo uomicus*, *homo*—god help us—*semiticus*. But this makes too brief a list, with Romeo's jejune definitions (go elsewhere to understand Bruillus' distinction between *homo*, *homo homo* and *homohomohomo*, so he inflates it with all the taxonomic names he can lay his hands on.

Now there is an elaborate formulation for disentangling the synonymy of species names, which may be attached to a bone, to a description, more or less vague, or to somebody else's description, but Romeo has not mustered that formulation. Moreover his self-imposed rules forbid him to list Ecanthropus or Australopithecus, and he does not seem to understand about subspecies or subgenera—the only one listed is obsolete—so these entries are without value. Superseded fossil names are mixed with superseded names for human races coined by polygenists, with no consistent indication of current equivalents, if any. He solemnly lists HOMO SP. which is just uncommitted for "thingummy". And of course none of these geographic or anatomic distinctions add anything to the notion of Man. Homuncrus and HOMO MICROCEPHALUS, indications to the contrary, do not belong in the same universe of discourse. To muddle things further, the author has thrown in all the adjectives attached by Roman writers to the noun *homo*, so we have entries like HOMO QUINQUISMIPS for a very quiet man, and TINKIO ALBENTINUS for a man from Alnntium.

The theory behind this is that abstract notions arise from the particular, and that by heaping up specifics, till they ferment, some generalities will automatically emerge. But rotting grapes do not magically become brandy; a distillation apparatus is required. None of this would matter if Luigi Romeo were simply a HOMO OBSCURUS, a self-employed HOMO AMEUTIUS (used often by Cicero for a trivial individual. Rarely employed for a foolish person"). But he is editor of *Ars Semiotica*, Professor of Linguistics at the University of Colorado, and apparently encouraged to practise this pseudo-scholarship at public expense.

Armed hordes

By T. R. Davies

PIERRE PALLIOT :
Le Vraye et parfaite Science des Armoiries
Facsimile reprint of the 1660 edition. Introduction by Jean-Bernard de Vaivre.
Paris: Berger-Levrault.

Few books written on academic subjects in seventeenth-century Europe have been regularly consulted by succeeding generations and are still a source of reference to scholars today. But that was an age of flourishing scholarship in France in genealogical and heraldic studies. Living and writing at that time were Claud Ménestrier, Charles du Cange, Pierre Palliot, Marc Vulson de la Colombière and Claud le Laboureur, whose works are still quoted.

Now after 320 years, a reprint by photo-process of the original edition of Palliot's *La Vraye et parfaite Science des Armoiries* of 1660 has made its appearance. The reissue has an informative introduction by Jean-Bernard de Vaivre, Secrétaire-général du Centre de la Sigillographie et l'Héraldique médiévales and a learned contributor to journals in several European countries, which covers the author's life, family, work and influence on later scholars, supported by useful notes, a bibliography and list of sources.

Palliot was born in Paris but spent most of his adult life in Dijon. A keen student of history, he trained as an engraver, established himself as a painter and eventually secured the Royal Appointment to Louis XIII. Whereas Ménestrier and others published small books in duodecimo form with a few small engravings, Palliot conceived his work on a grand scale—700 folio pages, about 5,000 engravings of shields, three ems square and easily decipherable, and over 9,000 descriptive blazons of family arms, covering not only France but Irish, German, Spanish and other European families as well.

In common with other heraldic scholars up until the late nineteenth century, he repeated the legends of events of army said to have been borne by King Arthur, Charlemagne, the Confessor, Godfrey de Bouillon and other preheraldic characters, but this is outweighed by his industry and accuracy in gathering and presenting such a great volume of information in an age which lacked the facilities for research enjoyed by scholars today.

Palliot based his work on that of a family relation, Louivan Gelaut, an advocate at the Parlement de Dijon and a dedicated heraldic scholar, who had conceived the idea of a textbook planned, not on the form of the Tracts of the two previous centuries, but on the lines of an Ordinary in alphabetical order—until then an arrangement employed only by English scholars, e.g. Cutgrave's and Cooke's Ordinaries. This he expanded and extended to include not only all illyisms and charges but also refinements of attitudes, postures, details of crowns, collars and other additions, with examples of their use, which English Ordinaries had ignored. While other writers illustrated particular forms with imaginary shields, Palliot supported his entries with engravings of the arms of actual families, past or present, among them those of one of his contemporaries, "Olivier de Cromwvel, General des Anglois". In the majority of examples, he gives the location of the family, the verbal blazon and historical details relating to its members. He includes cross-references in cases where charges are similar and might be confused, enabling the reader to differentiate and identify them.

This photographic reproduction has naturally preserved two minor errors in the original edition: on page 170 the lattice-cross is upright but the engravings on page 494 are in the engravings on page 496, the reverse of those on page 495. The correct illustrations being inserted out of order on page 503.

One phrase in M. de Vaivre's introduction cannot be challenged: ". . . *La Vraye et parfaite Science* . . . reste l'une des œuvres héraldiques en langue française les plus consultées aujourd'hui".

Excavational expositions

By David Hunt

A. R. and MARY BURN :
The Living Past of Greece
288pp. Herbert Press. £9.95.
0 906969 02 6

As one who abandoned the profession of classical archaeology in 1939 to follow, successively, two very different ones, I find its popularity in the post-war world both gratifying and surprising. For whatever reason—I am inclined to attribute a great deal of the credit to Sir Mortimer Wheeler and a television quiz programme in which he played a leading part—more and more people are taking an interest in the subject, and growing numbers of British people are spending their holidays in Greece. To meet the needs of this better-informed public a different type of guidebook is required. It is difficult to see how the task could be better performed than by *The Living Past of Greece*. It tells you what you want to know when you are on the spot. Except for such show-places as the Acropolis or the Palace of Knossos, the typical archaeological site cries out for exposition. Faced with lines of marble or limestone blocks half hidden in prickly scrub or withered asphodel the visitor needs a plan to show him what he is looking at and a historical account to show him why it is worth his doing so. In this book both needs are satisfied.

Robin and Mary Burn have both taught history and archaeology. His books on Greek history include a learned and fluent account of the Persian War, thanks to which his description of the battlefields of that war in this book are lucidly evocative. He knows the country well, and served there during the Second World War. His wife and co-author, who served with him in Greece after attending the British School of Archaeology in Athens, is a practised archaeologist with experience of four seasons of excavation at Paphos in Cyprus. They both know what archaeology seeks to achieve. As a result, besides its obvious usefulness to the tourist, their book can be read with interest both when planning a visit in Greece and afterwards; it is also of permanent value as a brief record of all the most important excavations.

It is arranged on an ingenious plan combining history and topography. The framework is chronological. It may cause some surprise that the first place to be described is the neolithic site of Phylakopi on the island of Melos, but this follows logically from the plan. The civilization of Greece is maritime and its commercial and artistic exchanges have been carried out by sea. The first object that we can prove to have crossed the sea in trade was Mellon obsidian, a volcanic glass which can be flaked into sharp blades, in great demand during the Stone Age. Blades which could only have come from Melos were exported to the opposite coast of the Argolid in the eighth millennium. By the third millennium their production was greatly increased and centralized in a township perhaps built for that very purpose. In the second millennium the influence of Bronze Age Crete and, later, of Mycenae can be traced. The chapter ends, three thousand years later, with the discovery in 1819 of the statue of Aphrodite, now the pride of the Louvre, and the comic-opera story of how the French Navy managed to seize it from the Turkish authorities by the combined efforts of a landing-party of marines and bribery.

There follows a specially valuable chapter on Pre-Palace Crete, a subject not often expounded in such detail in general works. Minoan and Mycenaean chapters deal with Crete, the Peloponnese and Boeotia, with a section on the important Mycenaean discoveries recently made on the island of Keos. "The Making of Classical Greece" covers the great sanctuaries, the Argolid, the Aegean and Ionian islands (not much on Chios, I regret to see, but good on Samos), and ends with the battlefields of the Persian War. This is one of Robin Burn's specialities, and he reconstructs his battles with gusto and clarity; without venturing to sit in judgment, I may perhaps remind the reader that there have been other versions of the battle of Salamis.

Athens and late classical Greece is the subject of the next section. For a book of this kind and size the topographical description of Athens is masterly, being detailed enough without risking confusion, and by the end of it the reader has been conducted with affectionate facility through a history of Athenian political institutions. The Macedonian period takes in Olynthos, Pella, Vergina and Verria and the section on "Greece and her conquerors" ends with two Roman sites, Corinth and Sabnica. The authors are equally at home with Byzantine civilization. The three great monasteries of Osios Loukas, Nea Moni on Chios, and Daphni receive the praise which is their due for their own merits and their importance in the history of European art. The Frankish period, for reasons explained in the preface, is treated more summarily but the fortifications of Rhodes provide a good ending to the book.

There are 38 photographs, half of them by Mary Burn. Every site is illustrated by a sketch plan. This is a genre whose difficulties are well known to anyone who has attempted it. Minoan sites, labyrinthine by name and by nature, present special problems but the plans of Mallia, for example, and of Knossos, mercifully simplified, are admirably clear. The comprehensive topographical plan of Athens is the best and simplest that I have seen in this style.

Iberian itineraries

By David Mitchell

IAN ROBERTSON (Editor) :
The Blue Guide to Spain
The Mainland
Fourth edition
595pp. Benn. £12.95 (paperback, £695).
0 510 01629 4

ELISABETH DE STROUMILLO :
The Tastes of Travel
Northern and Central Spain
296pp. Collins and Harvill Press. £4.95.
0 00 262826 0

This latest Blue Guide, compiled with wit and encyclopedic knowledge, is excellent of its kind. The historical introduction vividly conveys the tumult and frustration of a country where "the intellectual and political desert left behind by Franco has only been partly irrigated" and governments quail before the task of "steering the separate Spains through the anfractuosities of the modern world".

Tourist milking, notably in the form of interminable charges to view this or that ecclesiastical "treasure", is castigated (and rightly so). Solid banquets of learning are interspersed with such arcane *tapas* as that "the signs *Doues* and *Homas*, in Catalunia, indicate 'Woman' and 'Men' respectively"—and an enticing bibliographical note hinting at "much curious information" in "the once-restricted British Naval Intelligence Geographical Handbooks".

The Olympian perspective befitting a writer who lives at Pedraza de la Sierra high in the Guadarramas is accompanied by some sharp close-ups of the "new" Spain. One is reminded that Basque "extremism" was provoked by a situation in which "certain over-policed areas resembled provinces under occupation by foreign forces"; and the Guardia Civil is described as "a strong but singularly ineffective arm of the law . . . seldom officious but not invariably civil". True enough. Some years ago in Betanzos, near La Coruña, I asked a *guardia* how best to reach a certain point. "What's the hurry?" he growled; and, taking his implied advice, I grew to love Betanzos and her people who made my stay in Galicia an unpremeditated joy.

Elisabeth de Stroumillo is one of the most knowledgeable and engaging of travel journalists and her new book reflects both these qualities. But it brought to mind that untoward but salutary rebuff. I wish she could have lingered, in transit and in prose, rather than strain to be so relentlessly comprehensive (no one can compete with the *Blue Guide* on that score). Charlemagne and Sir John Moore's Retreat seem to dominate the scene and in general "history" clogs the narrative wheels. Compared with Mr Robertson's august progress the impression is of a chore completed with a sigh of relief—and rounded off, to fit the title, with some regional recipes. A pity, because there are signs, for instance in the author's childhood memories of the Basque country, that she could have done more to fulfil the foreword's promise of "idiosyncratic" treatment.

One thing these two books have in common—a too-facile, upmarket horror at the impact of mass tourism and the democratization of prosperity. For Mrs de Stroumillo León's industrial affluence is "bulging with ugly new developments". Mr Robertson shudders at Benidorm's "pullulating playas" (yet how very entertaining they can be!) and suggests that Torremolinos should be by-passed. Yet as I know, having lived in Torremolinos, such places have their own fascinating, if instant, history, their poignant ruins. Huge, derelict open-air nightclubs; peeling, retablo-like posters of high-kicking chorines fronting congregations of rusting metal chairs; failed boutiques; the cracking concrete tiers of abandoned dolphinariums; half-completed, half populated "urbanizations"; heroic, lovingly embroidered legends of the roistering pioneers of the 1950s and early 1960s.

Huntingdon hoard

By Geoffrey Naylor

Guide to Literary Manuscripts in the Huntington Library
339pp. Huntington Library, California. $35.
0 87328 102 0

This massive compilation forms part of a four-volume guide to the Huntington Library's vast manuscript resources, of which the American history section has already been published, and the British historical manuscripts and the medieval and Renaissance collections are due to follow in 1981.

The Huntington Library Quarterly has published useful checklists of parts of their literary holdings in the past, but the full range of British and American literary documentation available in San Marino can now be taken in. Prime single letters and literary manuscripts to larger literary archives such as the Conrad Aiken or Wallace Stevens papers, or even the 30,000 pieces of Jack London material, this conveniently arranged checklist will provide information of use to literary scholars of all periods.

In northern skies

By C. M. Perrins

STANLEY CRAMP (Chief Editor): **Handbook of the Birds of Europe, the Middle East and North Africa**
The Birds of the Western Palearctic, Volume 2. Hawks to Bustards
695pp. Oxford University Press. £30.
0 19 857505 X

A team of twelve editors plus a very large number of other contributors are responsible for this, the second of a planned seven volumes on the birds of the Western Palearctic area (that part of the Old World north of about 20 N and west of a line roughly from just east of Novaya Zemlya, passing to the east of the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf: Greenland is excluded). This volume, as its title suggests, covers the diurnal birds of prey (here divided into two Orders, Accipitriformes and Falconiformes), the game-birds, cranes, crakes, rails and bustards. Some ninety-seven species are covered (including endemic and introduced breeding species); treatment varies from a few lines (e.g. Turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*) to a maximum of about eighteen pages for the Peregrine (*Falco peregrinus*).

With very few exceptions, the work adheres to the format of the first volume. Indeed, there are thirty-four pages of introduction in Volume 1 which describe in detail the methods and definitions used; these are not repeated so that some reference to the earlier volume may at times be necessary. With regard to the text, there are introductory sections at the beginning of each Order and family which describe the general characteristics of the taxon concerned.

All the expected subjects are covered under each species: field characters, habitat, distribution (including two maps showing world and West Palearctic ranges), population, movements, food, social pattern and behaviour, voice (with sonograms), breeding (including a rather difficult-to-read annual cycle) which summarizes breeding and moulting dates), plumages, moults, measurements and weights, structure and geographical variation. All aspects are thoroughly documented by more than 3,000 highly condensed (though perfectly traceable) references. There are also a large number of line drawings in the text, mostly relating to behaviour, and many colour plates.

The colour plates deserve special mention. There are sixty-eight full pages of colour. Of these, twenty-three are of birds of prey in flight (and one plate may contain as many as a dozen illustrations). Another twenty-eight of the pages concentrate on the plumages of the individual species. All but two of these pages are divided into two plates, each half-plate containing a number of paintings of a single species (sometimes two). A typical plate contains, perhaps, half a dozen paintings of each species, illustrating each sex and a variety of plumages; among these there is usually one painting of a bird in flight and, except for the birds of prey, another of a chick. The last seventeen plates (sixteen of them in colour) are of eggs. These are grouped together at the back of the book (though rather unaccountably in the middle of the bibliography). The egg-plates cover only about sixty-eight of the species mentioned in the text, the vagrants being omitted.

I do not find all the plates equally pleasing. The pictures of birds of prey in flight, by Ian Willis, are very useful as an aid to field identification. However, not all the others seem so useful; some of the illustrations are very small though, admittedly, the only alternative would be to depict fewer plumages. As in Volume 1, the downy juveniles are not always very successful. They are difficult to paint and, in many cases, cannot have been seen alive by the artist. In the case of the young rails, the lengths of the legs seems to have gone a little wrong. In most birds the lengths of the tibio-tarsus and tarso-metatarsus are the same (they can then sit down without falling over); a number of young rails look mechanically unsound in this respect.

The foregoing is a résumé of the contents of the book; no one who has seen the previous volume will find much to surprise him. What is the quality of the material presented? Again, as before, the work is massively authoritative and is going to be an irreplacable source of reference. Criticisms, such as they are, should therefore be read in that context—minor hiccoughs in a generally very acceptable work.

First, the text, while a masterpiece of compression, is very terse. Granted, in one, unless in solitary confinement for long periods, is likely to read the book from cover to cover; but the text is full of so many references and numbers that it is often difficult to find one's way from one end of a sentence to the other. It would have been more interesting (with barely any increase in length) had some of the more unusual aspects of any given species been stressed.

For example, Eleonora's Falcon, *Falco eleonorae*, has an unusual breeding season. The birds lay in midsummer so that they can, in autumn, "cash in" on the south-bound migrants as food for their young. This is noted, but what is not said is that the young birds put on a lot of fat so that, unusually for a bird of prey, the young become heavier than their parents; it may also be this fact that causes the young to be collected for food by man (one is reminded of the Australian mutton birds). Similarly, it might have been worth adding to the information on the clutch-size of the Partridge, *Perdix perdix*, that this bird lays possibly the largest clutches of any bird (and there is actually one reference suggesting a slightly larger clutch for Finland than that given in the text).

There are two errors which may be worth drawing to the attention of readers. First, although the title-page says 1980, the authors (page 4) recommend the correct citation as being 1979. Second, the only monochrome plate of eggs has been printed wrongly. This was noticed and an erratum slip inserted saying that the plate is inverted and that the legend should be read from bottom to top. Unfortunately, the plate is completely reversed and the legend should be read from bottom to top *and* from right to left. But these minor grumbles should not, and will not, stop people using this fine reference work.

Airborne brigades

By G. E. J. Nixon

J. D. BRADLEY, W. G. TREMEWAN and ARTHUR SMITH: **British Tortricoid Moths**
Tortricidae Olethreutinae
338pp. £40.
0 903874 06 7

British Tortricoid Moths
Cochylidae and Tortricidae: Tortricinae
251pp. £20.
0 903874 01 6

Published by the Ray Society/British Museum (Natural History) Publications.

When I was a boy I used to collect butterflies and moths. Later, I was attracted to other kinds of insects. But my love of Lepidoptera has never left me and that is why it is pleasant to have the opportunity of saying something about these two splendid books that have now come my way. Let me say at once that I think they should be regarded as a tribute to all those ardent and enthusiastic butterfly and moth-hunters who did not pass out of a boyhood phase, commonplace enough, but were tempted to explore the deeper and more rewarding aspects of their hobby. It is their patient efforts that have revealed to us that we have in the British Isles a moth fauna that reaches the surprising total of some 2,500 species. Against this our native butterflies add up to a mere fifty or so different kinds. If you go to the right places you can be sure of seeing them; the moths, on the other hand may be all around you, but because, with rare exceptions, they do not become active until nightfall, their presence is unsuspected.

Lepidopterists find it convenient to divide moths into two sections: the Macrolepidoptera, comprising the larger, more conspicuous species, and the Microlepidoptera, a huge assemblage of mostly small moths with a wingspan varying from one quarter to three quarters of an inch. The Microlepidoptera have always appealed less to collectors than the larger moths mainly because their small size makes them more difficult to collect and preserve, and certainly more difficult to identify. Nevertheless, it is some of these smaller moths for which the authors of the two books under review have shown a preference. They have provided us with a magnificent piece of work covering more than 350 species of the British Microlepidoptera. In the main, they deal with two groups, the Tortricidae and the Olethreutinae, though they take into account also some smaller related groups. Their method of treatment is to describe each species in detail, adding notes on life history, distribution and other matters, likely to be of value, such as the importance of some of the moths as agricultural pests; many, for instance, are particularly harmful to cultivated plants and fruit trees.

All this information is competently presented and indispensable to anyone making a serious study of the moths in question. But curiously enough, it is not here that the main attraction of these two books lies. Rather, it is the sumptuous coloured plates that will beguile and fascinate the moth lover. There are no less than forty-five of them, depicting 370 specimens in colour. With the help of these plates, there is hardly likely to be a tortricoid moth that could not be accurately matched and correctly identified.

The two authors, J. D. Bradley and W. G. Tremewan, are well qualified to write about these small moths. They make it everywhere clear that their interest in them is deep and of long standing. They have been fortunate, too, in having the help of two artists, Brian Hargreaves and Arthur Smith, both of whom are experts in the field of entomological illustration. The coloured plates are primarily the work of Hargreaves but the black-and-white drawings, showing how the caterpillars of many of the species spin together the leaves of their food-plant, are the careful work of Smith.

The authors state that their aim has been to provide the amateur with the means of identifying his moths. This they have done but it is by no means the limit of their achievement; the professional lepidopterist, whose interest extends beyond the British fauna, will welcome the scientific text, especially where it refers to colour variation. This last is a peculiarity of the wing-pattern of many of the moths and is displayed, for example, in an extreme degree by the species called *Acleris literana*, a particularly beautiful little moth, basically green in colour. Plate forty-seven show no less than twenty of the colour forms in which it appears, all superbly painted by Arthur Smith.

It is not possible, in a short review, to do justice to the care and knowledge that have gone into the making of these two books; the necessary skills are possessed by very few people, and there needs to be also a touch of dedication. The authors say that for seventy years nothing comprehensive has been written on the British Tortricoidea. In producing their two-volume monograph they have now made good this unless and as a result deserve the highest praise.

In order of appearance

By Redmond O'Hanlon

NICHOLAS HAMBLIN and MICHAEL EVERETT: **Birds of Britain and Europe**
256pp. Ward Lock. £9.95.
0 70663 6040 0

Birds of Britain and Europe is the latest in a series of large-format books of photographs; it has been designed by Roger Phillips. I had often wondered how his immensely successful technique for flower identification, in an earlier volume, of arranging the photographs in the chronological flowering order of the plants, could be applied to birds and this handsome and important book provides some very interesting answers. Only a chloroformed parrot would suffer its portrait to be taken on "5ins x 4ins size, Daylight Ektachrome E6 using a De Vere camera and a 210mm lens" in a studio where "the light source was a 2 x 3ft Fish Fryer head and strobe boxes with an output of up 13,000 Joules", which is how Phillips compiled a leaf index to another of his subjects, *Trees in Britain, Europe and North America*. A chronological order by the calendar would only help for our migrant birds.

Here he has had to content himself with a collection of other people's photographs. He has arranged them according to their depicted species' first appearance on earth, although this is not as helpful for those birdwatchers painfully unequipped with a time-machine to take along with their binoculars, as an arrangement in geographical space by obvious habitat. Likewise, the mere difficulties of photographing birds make the theoretical claim that "artists . . . do tend to draw idealized creatures", whereas photographs show us the real, living bird, less tenable than it is in the debate about the representation of flowers and trees. Photographs taken with very long lenses at wide-open apertures to catch all available light themselves produce idealized creatures—only their eyes, upon which the photographer has been taught to focus, will be clear, all else will haze and diffuse romantically away into the uniform green of unseen vegetation or the blue of impossible skies.

That said, this is an excellent book which triumphantly fulfils its own intentions. With a Collins field guide or whatever for instant identification, it will enable anyone to check his hasty surmise later in the car or at home; the often vivid notes, by Ian Affleck of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, are arranged under the headings of identification, voice, habitat, food and breeding, and are pithy and accurate. The distribution maps are easy to interpret. The small pictures of birds in flight are not only technically spectacular, they often seem to capture the "jizz" of a bird, its special idiosyncratic combination of shape and movement. It was a good idea to include shots of the typical prey remains of the raptors. There are only a very few pictures of semi-startled birds caught at the nest, and only one, that of the Reed Warbler, where part of the complex pleasure of looking at bird-pictures—the unspoken feeling that we alone are looking at this particular bird and for the first time—is offensively denied us by the presence of a ring on its leg.

Lastly, the authors need not be diffident about their introduction of another bird book into the market. It is worth buying for two photographs: Frank V. Blackburn, despite one or two shots of suspiciously captive-looking falcons, has produced breathtaking pictures of a pair of nightjars and of a woodcock. Here the claims which the introduction makes for photography are fully justified, the intricate camouflage of greys and browns and buffs, the light and shade in the speckles and bars of the plumage of the living bird, against the peeled bark and dry moss, the dead leaf litter of the heath or woodland floor, are best believed in a photograph. And, despite the fully delineated depth of field of view we are given of them, how very mysterious and suggestive of their own utterly different worlds these birds are.

Sinking swimmers

By Alwynne Wheeler

ANTHONY NETBOY: **Salmon: The World's Most Harrassed Fish**
304pp. André Deutsch. £7.95.
0 233 96856 3

More books have been written about salmon than any other kind of fish. In the nineteenth century and up to the First World War many of them were anglers' reminiscences of days of fishing, although a few were concerned with the natural history of the fish, an early example being Humphry Davy's *Salmonia* of 1827, which combined the great chemist's scientific outlook with his love of fishing. Since the Second World War there has been a notable change of emphasis. Pure angling books have become scarce, studies of the biology of the animal having taken their place, and a new genre has arisen in books on the management of salmonid fisheries.

Essentially this change has been brought about by the status of the fish. Where once the salmon was plentiful and afforded sport for a large number of anglers it has now become scarce, fewer anglers fish for it and none enjoy the success of previous centuries. This scarcity is reflected in the fishery biologist's anxiety to manage the remaining stocks as effectively as possible.

Anthony Netboy's new book (he wrote *The Atlantic Salmon—a Vanishing Species?* in 1968) recounts the past status of salmon stocks, their present painful scarcity and the factors which have caused this decline. There are two main groups of salmon, the Atlantic salmon, found along the European coastline, Greenland, and the North American Atlantic coast south to the Hudson River; and the Pacific salmons of which there are six species, distributed between Japan and Arctic Siberia and between Alaska and California. All these salmon species spawn in freshwater then make their way to the sea for a period of feeding before returning to spawn in rivers. All the Pacific species spawn once and then die, some Atlantic salmon survive to spawn a second time.

It is this migratory habit which has made the salmon so vulnerable. Pollution of the lower reaches of rivers, the creation of navigation locks and weirs and the discharge of toxic substances to the water led early on in the Industrial Revolution to the diminution of salmon runs. The use of rivers for hydroelectric power and the creation of dams to regulate the flow of rivers to provide water for irrigation, were later developments (the latter particularly on the American Pacific coast) which diminished the stocks in otherwise unaffected areas. To this has to be added the effects of overfishing, in many cases by countries which had already destroyed their own salmon stocks.

The result of this cross mismanagement of the world's salmon stocks is that the Atlantic salmon is now scarce, even extinct in parts of its former range, and the world stock is greatly reduced; only Norway, Sweden and Iceland appear to have been successful in maintaining their stocks. The Pacific salmons have also suffered a alarming decrease in both range and numbers, although they have not been so severely affected. Mr Netboy presents a detailed and lucid account of the present state of the world's salmon. It is an important analysis but it is profoundly depressing to read as it offers so little hope of restoring those important fish to anything like their original abundance. If valuable fishes like the salmons cannot be conserved what hope is there for little-many other, less commercially important animals of the world?

Highland hierarchs

By William Boyd

ALLAN MASSIE: **The Last Peacock**
185pp. The Bodley Head £5.95.
0 370 30261 3

"I told you Scotland was weird" observes an astonished southerner on witnessing the antics of the characters in Allan Massie's second novel. Under the circumstances it seems a restrained judgment, considering that the *sassenach* has just encountered two well-bred drunks in the lobby of the Perth Station Hotel at breakfast time, one of whom is clutching the body of a dead peacock. All of which may sound as if Massie is repeating the anarchic comic tone of his first novel—which was likened to Waugh's early satires—but in fact *The Last Peacock* is a different book altogether.

It covers several weeks in the life of a large and diverse family who have gathered in a Perthshire manse to await the death of the old grandmother who is the family's head and ruling spirit. Most of the action—fairly inconsequential: drinking, chatting, visiting—is seen through the eyes of Belinda, a sad divorcée exiled in London. But the central figure is her brother Colin—the last peacock of the title—a lazy inebriate with a cynical, iconoclastic manner who in the course of the novel manages to offend his primmer relatives and neighbours with delightful regularity. As the grandmother quietly slips away, various events and relationships intrude upon the narrative. There's a half-baked attempt to form a right-wing organization which will restore hierarchy and order to British life; Belinda contemplates and finally consummates an affair with her young brother-in-law; and there's a great deal of talk—long conversations in pubs, at dinner parties, during late night booze-ups (the alcohol consumption in the novel is enormous)—all in no rush, but in just the fine a point on it, the meaning of life in the late twentieth century.

Colin and Belinda are presented to us as Romantics, nineteenth-century figures temporally and temperamentally out of joint with modern times, a factor which explains their aimless and unsatisfactory natures. Belinda's gay brother comments

> The trouble with you and Colin, lucky, is you're Romantics. In the last quarter of the twentieth ghostly century, you still have a picture of yourselves that was formed a long long time ago. . . We've all got to settle for something a lot less than dreams these days.

But it's clear that it is not only they who are discontented and anachronistic but also the society they belong to. For, among other things, *The Last Peacock* offers us an acute and fascinating portrayal of the Scottish landed gentry. A rare breed, educated at stern Arnoldian Scottish public schools, with Home Counties accents, pursuing respectable careers as accountants, solicitors and farmers, they seldom venture from their rural strongholds. Messie knows them and their foibles well, as his expert portraits testify, but in one crucial respect, it seems to me, he has got them wrong.

The characters in *The Last Peacock* are, almost without exception, far too broodingly introspective about themselves and the moral state of the nation. This gives less to social reality than to the literary tradition Massie seems to be following. *The Last Peacock* is not primarily a social comedy—though there are light touches—but rather a version of the novel of ideas: a serious and at times depressing debate on topics such as death, the transience of human affections, the decay of society and the decline of values. This hybrid mode—almost a blend of *Antic Hay* and Strindberg—coupled with the intellectual references to literature, painting and antiquity, makes *The Last Peacock* a particularly Scottish novel. It seems to be in a line of inspired Caledonian morbidity that has its roots in Scott, is more firmly established in Stevenson—notably the *Weir of Hermiston*—and which in our own time has been taken up by Muriel Spark and James Kennaway.

Indeed, Kennaway's underrated *Household Ghosts* (made into an equally underrated film called *The Country Dance*) is very close in setting and spirit to Massie's book, and the obsessive, eccentric and scathingly ironic characters of Pink in *Household Ghosts* and Colin in *The Last Peacock* are plainly cast in the same mould.

The Last Peacock is an accomplished novel and Massie is a fine and talented writer—there are passages of lyrical beauty and his ear for dialogue is sharp—but in the end the book is weakened somewhat by a superfluous kind of intellectual name-dropping. There are passages of untranslated Italian, Latin and French and numerous literary and artistic parallels are drawn, such as this one, mentioned in association with carousing and death: "When Byron and Trelawny had watched Shelley's body burn on the Lerici shore, and seen the brains bubble, they got riotous drunk in the lonely carriage." Except that Shelley was in fact burnt on the beach at Viareggio, and it was Leigh Hunt, not Trelawny, who got drunk with Byron.

Turning the tables

By Marigold Johnson

SIAN JAMES: **Another Beginning**
209pp. Collins £5.95.
0 00 222057 1

On page one, Alan (handsome and stiff in his grey pin-stripe) announces to Meg that he is leaving her, their two small daughters, and Bristol for the *mobile Donna* and London. By page thirty, on untidy kind-hearted student ten years younger than Meg has moved in as lodger and lover. The brisk matter-of-fact pace, the absence of self-pity and the precise selective detail are as much part of Meg as of Sian James's style: *le style, c'est la femme*, as the extrovert feminist neighbour Frances might boisterously have told Meg, whose brown floppy hair and old green duffel have nevertheless enchanted beautiful Ben. It is, of course, a brief idyll. Light years from *Chéri*, or that great film *Le Diable au Corps*, the pattern is familiar enough—attractive pleasuring by a strong youth, mother/mistress fearful of growing too much. But Ben and Meg belong, too, to the 1970s: he babysits and cooks toast with parsley sauce, thinks fidelity "bloody rubbish" and is equally at home in his gregariously port-and-lemon family stronghold as in hyperagamous Bristol bohemia. Meg the grammar-school graduate mum has middle-class hang-ups, tries to unlearn habits of tidiness, jealousy, sex-by-the-book, discovers that happiness can be tight jeans, pop music, worrying about seals, whales, political prisoners, and love-making all night.

The counterpoint to Meg's sexual liberation is convincingly, if a bit heavy-handedly, provided by Frances, whose apparently glamorous BBC world and vehement contempt for men don't make her less susceptible to several, including prodigal husband Alan—and yet tearfully unloved. Ben—volunteer, perhaps, some of the author's sceptic—argues, with the confidence of a young male: "Christ, it's happened. Women are liberated . . . free to drive trains and be steeple-jacks and clean men's lavatories. OK. Now they're only tied to their own nature. You're not free because you wanted kids and you want to look after them in the way you think best, but she won't understand that." And Meg, in defence of what Frances calls "negating her personality" and Meg calls love, can't see what's wrong with financial dependence, and notices her daughter painting children on swings when the boys paint lorries.

She is almost undone by simultaneous domestic and romantic crises, the inevitable consequence—as Frances seeks to show—of unregenerate femininity. But the children are rescued, and if Ben is not, at least Meg can contemplate a future of "other things" in the knowledge of love and loss, enough to console a younger (but much feebler) rival, who has yet to learn that broken hearts don't have to lead to slashed wrists.

The irony which has marked Sian James's earlier novels—two prizewinners out of three—again highlights what might have seemed a pretty humdrum love story. Meg's gentle subservience, and her initial helplessness in any crisis, are intended to conceal the resilience, physical and emotional, of which her sex can so often be proud. It is precisely because she experiences possessive love herself, she realizes she must give way to another, and can later choose, without dogmatic proselytizing, to become the breadwinner, pitying the broken-spirited Alan. Outraged when, early on, Frances hints that being "truly civilized" might mean taking on a by-blow baby of Ben's (to let a student mother finish her degree), Meg ends by proposing to turn those very tables and herself exchange kitchen sink for university.

Another Beginning is, indeed, almost too symmetrical, almost too pleased at demonstrating the raptures and agonies of a love affair without losing sight of the daily trivia which keep life going. It is characteristic, and can seem irritatingly pedestrian, that the two are so often juxtaposed: Ben proclaims that love comes before his examinations, and if education is any good it should confuse his priorities; we then get a travel agency monologue on alternative transport systems to the coast of County Cork. Such, however, was the de-flating technique of Jane Austen, a model few would deplore. James knows her comic domestic territory down to each chopped onion and to the market name for rhubarb ("physic"); down to the moment when the two-year-old, hugged for periodically expressing happiness as "bubbles in my tummy", is promptly sick all over the car. This is not—or not yet—the territory from which great fictional masterpieces come, but quietly and humorously, with intelligent aplomb, James is capturing it and releasing her heroines from the dated demonology of the sax wor.

Under cover

Michael Baldwin's *The Gamecock* (160pp. Faber. £5.95. 0 571 11449 0) is a fabled, accurately detailed, speed through a fragment of the Peninsular War. A Spanish adolescent, whose peasant parents have been murdered by the French, flees to the British camp; becomes, seemingly effortlessly, Arthur Wellesley's body servant; and is sodomized by the future Duke of Wellington on his first night of employ. Sequences of sodomy, flagellation and rape follow and far outdo the other discomforts of early nineteenth-century military life—though most of the other discomforts, a shade less graphically and frequently described, are also present in Pedro's account of the campaign.

Comedies of mistaken identity are as good for laughs as most forms of humour in literature, and Michael Baldwin's extra-slim volume is an honourable addition to the genre. The build-up of hints that tradition leads us to expect is missing, however. Little other than the punning title and the hero/heroine's tendency not to uncover more than face, hands and feet (no matter how wounded or dirty, whatever the conditions of battle) prepares us for the slightly limp denouement.

Holly Eley

The men's room

By Lindsay Duguid

GERALD GREEN: **Cactus Pie**
248pp. Melbourne House. £5.50.
0 86161 018 0

The stories collected in *Cactus Pie* have, according to the blurb, "delighted the readers of such magazines as *Playboy*, *Argosy* and *Penthouse*". It is easy to see why. They are essentially smoking-room anecdotes—amoral, salty, ideally suited both to whiling away the time and to confirming the prejudices of the American male.

Gerald Green specializes in the tall story; a sequence of events which rigorously follows its own logic. The joke is the improbability of such things happening in the setting of middle-America. The element of the surreal, at its best reminiscent of Roald Dahl or Borges, is not extraterrestrial but lies in the smooth operation of confidence tricks or the laws of the market place: most of the stories turn on some super-successful deal or con. A gas-pump attendant cheats his way to the ownership of the R & M Service Station; a senior citizen makes a going concern of a rural ashram on a visit to his home town; a watertight scheme for stateaided petty larceny brings down the New York crime figures. Two of the stories involve a possibly supernatural element, but in the main the plot is assisted by such prosaic assumptions as "policemen are always corrupt" and "the army is an unstoppable bureaucratic machine".

Like all the best daydreams, however blurred around the edges the fantasy may be, the foreground is clear and familiar. The peculiar events involve ordinary citizens in recognizable locations, and an American preoccupation with drink, food, phallocentric sex and "life styles" is used to give the stories more resonance: "Behind the counter Morris and Andy and the *shikses* waitress would be pumping whipped cream on a banana split, slopping together BLTs with mayo on rye toast, squirting a thousand egg creams." This vision of America is not used to satirical effect. Even the least fantastic story, "Welcome to Fort Liquordale", which consists of a relentlessly unpleasant description of a community of yeshivah whose hobby is drinking ("Berman felt vaguely frightened. Alone in a Kaffir kraal. Lost among the Jivaro. A captive of the Bontoc-Igorots. In the crowded cabin, he was being crushed between two heavy women in pants-suits. One squeezed his hand."), we escape from the nightmare unscathed and unmuddled. The final story, "Girl", the tale of a pretty girl, a nasty TV producer, an old man and his dog, shows how soft-centred these parables really are.

The author's excess of detachment is in the end pointless. He is not interested in insight or observation but in the manipulation of well-worn prejudices. The characters illustrate no more than traditional dislike of the silent majority, far Jews, hippies, religion, the very old, the young and foreigners; and the reward for the reader is a momentary involvement in a fantasy of material success.

Maggoty musicology

By Christopher Wintle

CHRISTOPHER HEADINGTON :
Illustrated Dictionary of Musical Terms
159pp. Bodley Head. £6.95
0 370 30276 1

ELIE SIEGMEISTER (Editor) :
The Music Lover's Handbook
620pp. A. and C. Black. £9.95.
0 7136 2003 X

Music dictionaries have played an important part in focusing the musical thought of their times. The line began with the *Terminorum musicae diffinitorium* of Tinctoris c. 1496, and flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with Rousseau (1768), Koch (1807), Hauser (1828), Schilling (1832) and Riemann (1882). Although in our century some dictionaries have remained on a manageable scale, the most important ones (F. Blume's MGG, Grove's *Dictionary*) have spread into more volumes than most of us can afford. There is something therefore very attractive in the idea of returning to the smaller format, with a definitely musical topic, where historical scholarship and deep technical knowledge can respond to the profusion of new theoretical ideas and terminology that have sprung up over the past fifty years or so.

These may seem high-faluting terms in which to approach Christopher Headington's nicely produced, but very thin, *Illustrated Dictionary of Musical Terms*. Yet its blurb addressed student and concert-goer as its readership. Its pages are, at the beginning, very brief indeed in introducting, merely a dedication. The book dives even less information than many sporadic concert-goers will have picked up already. Here, for example, is the complete entry for MUSIC DRAMA: "the term used for Wagnerian opera". No explication, no examples and no cross-references. Hungrily, we flip over to OPERA: "Wagner's music dramas". Headington proclaims, "are of towering stature". And that, literally, is Wagner's lot.

There is a backbone of simple-minded translations (AGITATO: agitated; ESPRESSIVO: expressive; MOLTO: very) that could pass muster if they were adequately supported by less evident foreign terms. There is a baffling pattern of inclusion and exclusion (if we are to have DUMP, why not HUMKA?). There are extraordinary eccentricisms (for example MAQAM: Arab "melody style"—plural MAQAMAT). And there is a response to contemporary keywords that borders on the Pythonian (MACHTMUSIK: "a *serenade*. *Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* is the most famous example"). But even the stinginess of its information is eclipsed by the carelessness of its research, and its indifference to music history. Take this rather unusual entry: MAGGOT: "Old English word for 'whimsical fancy' and sometimes applied to light instrumental pieces in renaissance times". "Whimsical fancy" comes from the *SOED*, where its derivation is given as Middle, and not Old, English. The full *OED* finds no musical use for the term (and neither can I) before the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it refers to popular dances: Beaty's Maggot, Mr Beveridge's Maggot, and so forth. In the absence of chapter and verse, how can we assume Headington to have knowledge that nobody else does? If no music examples are cited, why include the entry at all? Presumably in response to the music theatre piece of Peter Maxwell Davies, *Miss Donnithorn's Maggot* (1969)? If so, why not say as much?

If, on the other hand, *The Music Lover's Handbook* is anything to go by, there is no problem of attribution in the American music dictionary industry. Entitled *Handbook*, it is partly a source book, but in the end mainly a vehicle for its editor's overview of music history. Its confusingly titled article on Siegmeister himself—not an article that takes up eight large pages, whereas no more than six are allotted to Stockhausen, Boulez, Berio, Henze and Nono together and Elliott Carter and Gershwin merit no more than a page and a half apiece. I cannot help noticing that, in a liberally illustrated book, the largest photograph is of Siegmeister himself, three times the size of that of Wagner and that, in a book light on music examples, there are more quotations from Siegmeister's movie-style music than from Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, Stravinsky and Hindemith put together. Most of the articles are over twenty years old—something of a setback for a book largely devoted to the contemporary scene, though inevitably some of the reprinted scholarly ones have some intrinsic interest.

Places by the heap

By Derek Weber

The International Geographic Encyclopedia and Atlas
890pp and 64-page colour atlas. Macmillan £15.
0 333 27493 9

A geographical encyclopedia might well be thought to be a reference work which could cross international frontiers. This is sadly shown to be untrue in the case of *The International Geographic Encyclopedia and Atlas*, originally prepared by the Columbia University Press, adapted, revised and supplemented by Houghton Mifflin, and ending up under the imprint of Macmillan. No concessions seem to have been made to British readers.

The publishers claim to be offering a one-volume encyclopedia of geographical places and terms. The claim is patently not justified. They have produced an excellent gazetteer which provides brief information on almost every small town, county or river in the United States and a reasonable coverage of the more significant places in the rest of the world. They fail to provide definitions of geographical terms. The reader seeking a definition of an isthmus, for example, will search in vain, and there is not even one of an *oxbow lake*. The art of geography itself (unless it is a science) defies definition, yet the authors here are not deterred: they describe it as "the science of place, or the study of the surface of the earth, the location and distribution of its physical and cultural features, and the interrelations of these features as they affect man".

The late Gordon Manley was more imaginative when he declared that "to discuss such [geographical] problems we should arrange our basic knowledge in an orderly sequence. It is much easier to remember things when they are presented in a pattern than in a disorderly heap". One's quarrel therefore must be with the title of this book. The Encyclopedia lacks encyclopedic content entirely: it is a heap of places. We need good gazetteers, but it is improper for them to masquerade as encyclopedias of geography. A Rand McNally world atlas is included in the volume, but the average school atlas provides as much useful information. There is also the page of "foreign" geographical terms, which range from "à", Norwegian or Swedish for brook or river, to "Zuid", the Dutch for South.

Distinguished names in American geographical publishing have collaborated here to produce a work which may be a valuable home reference guide in the United States, but is of more limited value in other parts of the English-speaking world.

The first part of a new publication, *The Record Year 1* (553pp. Duckworth. Paperback, £18), edited by Bryan Crisp, deals with classical discs and cassette recordings released in 1978. This useful reference work is divided into three sections—"Composer Section", "Review Section" and "Import Appendix". In the review section the aim has been to place "equal emphasis . . . upon the performance and the sound quality of each record".

Houyhnhnm in love

By Pat Rogers

ESMÉ DODDERIDGE :
The New Gulliver
247pp. Dent. £5.50
0 460 04480 9

Or—to be exact down to the last jot on sub-title—"The Adventures of Lemuel Gulliver, Jr. in Capovolta". Call it what you will—Great-grandson of Gulliver, Gulliver *reme-bah*—this book belongs to a familiar genre. In Swift's lifetime they sent his hero off to Cucklogalliniy; the Victorians made him a pantomime principal boy, and in H. J. Byron's *Lucky Gulliver* he visits the island of comic song. No such extravaganza awaits the glum Lemuel of Esmé Dodderidge's *New Gulliver*. His solemn role in a pretty solemn bunk is to endure the transitions of Western women when he leaches up alone in the female chauvinist climes of Capovolta.

How he gets there is a bit vague, and there are none of the specifics of date or latitude which the original Gulliver supplied. Even the nationality of young Lemuel is not clear: can we rely on the spellings and usages ("diaper", etc) to indicate that he belongs to some future mid-Atlantic race? But where the first Gulliver was a man without qualities, Lemuel, Jr. is a man without identity. He has a job (sort of meteorological geophysicist?) which he can't pursue; he has an unnamed wife who doesn't appear—by comparison the first Mrs Gulliver's is a star part.

In Capovolta he encounters a reasonably familiar world: the only topsy-turvy feature is the reversal of sexual dominance. Here it is women who have the best chances in education and employment, who patronize men for their illegicality, and who monopolize the upper echelons of government. The male condition is deprived and depressed; men are the child-rearers, and lose any prospect of advancement at work. Embittered housemen sit at home, sometimes cockpecking their privileged wives. The entire culture and mores of Capovolta reflect this inequality—Gaul is the Great Mother; husbands take their wife's name; male instability is imputed to womb envy; body contests are held where women exhibit the desirable competitors.

It is Lemuel's fate to experience second-class citizenship at first hand. On his arrival he is sheltered by an ambitious young woman, rising in the state bureaucracy. She takes a fancy to him (Houyhnhnm in love, you might say), and they are in due course married. Lemuel resents some of the customs of the country, not least the tight-fitting three-pronged bag designed to show off his private parts for the delectation of any passing women. Things begin to go wrong: there is a mysterious security threat, then Gulliver's boss want to start an affair with him. He is almost drawn down in a dangerous race, like some involuntary Emily Davison. His wife produces twins, so that he has to leave work and confine himself in the domestic routine. She ultimately leaves him for a brainless Adonis, and he has to fight a hard case for custody of the children, with the court subtly prejudiced against his interests.

The match with our own society is not a bad one. Sadly, the story never takes off because of a lack of fictional energy and invention. For some reason Esmé Dodderidge gives her narrator a style veering between archaic tushery and contemporary sociologese. So we have "it fell out in this wise" and similar nineteenth-century fake antiques; then this:

> In the period during which Brian's residual affection for me and her sense of duty toward the children battled with her infatuation for Dinad, there had been many times when I had thought that any resolution of our situation, however painful in me, would have been better than the torturing uncertainty I was then enduring, but what I had never adequately envisaged was that the coup de grace in my affections would be accompanied by an acute anxiety as to how to provide the basic necessities of life for the children and myself. . . . There was, in a true, a fail-safe plan which prevented destitution, but the less of cure which this could provide in this so-called caring society was minimal.

The dialogue creaks even more: a prostitute, thinking Lemuel is in the game, and "seizing hold of my member and crudely squeezing it" said the equivalent of "bugger off, big brother, or I'll cut him off, see! This is my pitch, and don't you come here acquiecring of it". Now-find the equivalent of that in real English. Lemuel calls his penis "my little man" or, when feeling curmudgeonly, "my pure fellow": the words "Base traitress" are, yes, "positively hissed." Gulliver's Capovolta wife protests that she does not want "for he involved in a getogether with you lads".

Along with this leaden execution there is a fatal error in the book's strategy. Starting out logically, Lemuel proves such a good traveller that he can soon point out to us in laborious detail how the sojournes of "dray" and "black" are reversed in Capovolta. Then he sees the light in most un-Gulliverian fashion, and "roves to himself" (a characteristic act) "never again to be so insensitive to the subtle hints I had so casually accepted as the natural, predetermined order of things". It's like having the voyages all related by the King of Brobdingnag.

A good cause doesn't guarantee a good book, and though the novel's heart is in the right place its works are usually in the wrong places. Feminist literature has reached a more sophisticated stage than merely reversing the pronouns of familiar confessional tales, and heroinics of the men's room. Harmless and well-intentioned, *The New Gulliver* will produce neither reverts to, nor dissidents from, the cause. It's a guileless book about a knowing hero, and that really is turning Swift on his head.

Moving in

By Kate Flint

LETTICE COOPER :
Desirable Residence
191pp. Victor Gollancz. £5.50.
0 575 02787 8

Around the time that the Criminal Law Bill relating to squatting was passing through Parliament in 1977, *New Society* published an article which began: "Squatters are often thought of as housing terrorists or human wondworm. But the people in squats are about as different as the squats themselves." The two sets of occupants who take over a spacious ground floor London flat, the "desirable residence" of Lattice Cooper's new novel, illustrate two extremes of unauthorized occupation. The unemployed Dysons and their six-weeks-old son are escaping from a room in Dennis's interfaring mother's flat and are tolerated in varying degrees by both the Blackstone family on the first floor and Hilda Greenwood, the retired schoolteacher at the top of the house. Far from wishing to *stay permanently*, the *Dysons hope* that their inevitable eviction will result in publicity, and thus speed up their application as council tenants. But the second group, following the inebriated Dennis home after his has paid an unaccustomed visit to a pub, are very far from being victims of the housing shortage: rather, they are wreckers, conventional housebreakers, dirty, promiscuous and sedistic: hardly (although the novel is unwilling to make this point loudly) typical members of a squat.

The inevitable ensuing conflicts are set alongside the personal problems faced by the house's other members. A resume of themes reads like a culling of the contents pages of *New Society* itself—comfort versus independence among the elderly; self-help in country communities of dubious religiosity; executive unemployment; and so on. Sideways glances are cast at racial prejudice, complacentness, tiptoe sexuality. Anxiety about individual futures merges with concern for the future of society in general, and it is at this level that an uncertainty creeps into Lettice Cooper's tone. When the sympathetically presented Hilda, concerned with contemporary life whilst finding personal solace in memories and literature, thinks of the baby in the squat below, and wonders "What was he born for? To be a citizen of a corrupt, media-dominated country without principles or taste? To be a soldier under the flag of nuclear ash? Or to be a crumped and spied upon citizen in a Russian satellite?", it is impossible to tell whether these clichés (their phrasing redolent of the mass media) are used unconsciously by Hilda, self-consciously by the author in an internal monologue, or whether they are unwitting contributors to the general linguistic unease which pervades both dialogue and description. This unease seems frequently due to a desire to make the novel not just "relevant" in content but contemporary in tone.

This contemporaneity is, however, far from specific. When, precisely, are the social and personal struggles of this novel meant to be taking place? A brief reference to recent legislation about squatting places the action after 1977, yet the sartorial observations on a pub's clientele—"young men often indis-

MICHAEL UNDERWOOD :
A Clear Case of Suicide
191pp. Macmillan. £5.50.
0 333 27975 1

Famous QC at the top of his profession, and the next in line for appointment as a High Court judge, successfully concludes a case, and immediately afterwards gets into a bath in his Chambers and slits his wrists with a colleague's cut-throat razor. His adopted son, a Special Branch policeman, uses his spare time to try and find an explanation for this inexplicable action. Like all Michael Underwood's books, this is well-written and unassuming, with a solid background and satisfying plot.

TIMOTHY HOLME :
The Neapolitan Streak
224pp. Macmillan. £5.50.
0 333 27843 7

Achillo Peroni, the Rudolph Valentino of the Vicenza police, looks up to the disappearance of, war hero General Piuntalonga. A nearly conceived, pleasantly executed story with Verona's famous old feud making a startling comeback on to the stage of modern municipal politics. Peroni, an aspiring Neapolitan, who finds Verona rather more foreign than London, is a genuine find: an original hero individual hero who ought to be good for a series.

T. J. Binyon